Saturday Review

JUNE 18, 1955 / 20¢

THE CASE FOR HOPE... By Arthur Compton

NE HUNDRED GOOD HAMMOCK COMPANIONS
ooks for Summer Reading

Katharine Hepburn, star of "Summertime." (See page 32)

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The Saturday Review

JUNE 18, 1955

Cover Photograph from the Movie "Summertime"

SR/IDEAS

9 THE CASE FOR HOPE, by Arthur Compton

14 ONE HUNDRED GOOD HAMMOCK COMPANIONS
Books for Summer Reading

24 PIGEONS ON THE *Place*, ALAS: AN EDITORIAL

29 CALIGULA POLK AND HIS CIRCLE, by Charles Einstein

SR/BOOKS

15 EXCELSIOR! by Paul Hyde Bonner
Reviewed by Hollis Alpert

16 SELF CONDEMNED, by Wyndham Lewis
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

17 AMERICA'S NEEDS AND RESOURCES, by J. Frederic Dewhurst and Associates
Reviewed by Emile Benoit-Smullyan

18 WALL STREET: MEN AND MONEY, by Martin Mayer
Reviewed by Clifton H. Kreps, Jr.

19 SELECTED POEMS, by Roy Campbell
Reviewed by Edith Sitwell

20 THE RECKLESS SPENDERS, by Walker Gibson
Reviewed by Gerard Previn Meyer

21 THE MOSCOW KREMLIN, by Arthur Voyce
Reviewed by Sibyl Moholy-Nagy

22 THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, by N. N. Sukhanov
Reviewed by Max Eastman

23 THE ART AND ARCHITECTURE OF RUSSIA, by George Heard Hamilton
Reviewed by Arthur Voyce

30 A LAYMAN'S GUIDE TO PROTESTANT THEOLOGY, by William Hordern
Reviewed by Chad Walsh

31 TOLERANCE AND THE CATHOLIC: A SYMPOSIUM
Reviewed by George N. Shuster

31 A JEWISH TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE UNITED STATES, by Bernard Postal and Lionel Koppman
Reviewed by Harold U. Ribalow

SR/DEPARTMENTS

4 TRADE WINDS, by Bennett Cerf

11 THE LITERARY SAMPLER

28 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

32 BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT, by Henry Hewes

33 *SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Lee Rogow

35 MUSIC TO MY EARS, by Abram Chasins

35 LITERARY I.Q.

36 BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, by Horace Sutton

42 THE CRIMINAL RECORD

44 BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, edited by Frances Lander Spain

48 LITERARY CRYPT

51 KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1108

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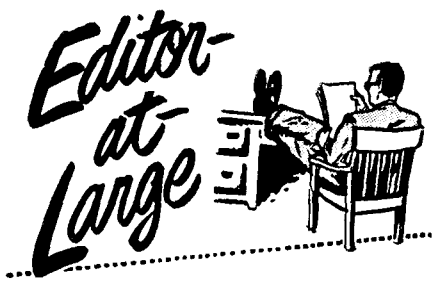

For the past year I have been involved in a project which cut sharply into my reading time. With it over, I have been on a reading jag out of which I would like to recommend the following books:

"A World of Love," by Elizabeth Bowen (Knopf, $3.50). A new novel by the finest living stylist. No one concerned with writing as a craft should miss her work.

"Auntie Mame," by Patrick Dennis (Vanguard, $3.50). A funny American book, whose humor is touched by only a whisper of malice.

"Young Sam Johnson," by James Clifford (McGraw-Hill, $5.75). Connoisseurs of London know that its finest untrampled spot is the house in Gough Square where Johnson compiled his dictionary. Read this book before you go—or if you can't make it this year.

"the lives and times of archy and mehitabel," by Don Marquis (Doubleday). I've heard there are "literate" people who haven't read this magnificent opus by the durable cockroach. Obviously, there's going to have to be a new definition of "literacy."

"Party of One," by Clifton Fadiman (World, $5.00). For the first time in book form, here are the writings of one of the few men who know how to communicate enthusiasm about books.

"The Romance of Tristan and Iseult" (Anchor Books, 65¢). It's still the greatest love story of them all.

"A Victorian Boyhood," by L. E. Jones (St. Martin's Press, $3.75). The reviewers overlooked this when it came out last March. Thus you have a chance for one of the greatest of reading pleasures: discovering a good book for yourself. I'll just hint that it is both funny and wise, both human and English, and quite a lot like Gwen Raverat's "Period Piece."

These books made a pleasant spring for me; they should make a pleasant summer for you.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

This column is sponsored by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Books mentioned here may be obtained from your bookseller or from any of the Doubleday Book Shops. For mail orders, send checks or money orders to Doubleday Book Shop, 575 Madison Ave., Mail Order Dept., New York 22.

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Six-Cent Walk and the $4,200,000 Ticket

By THURMAN PRICE

THOSE OF US who remember their McGuffey, will recall the story of Lincoln's six-mile walk to return six cents. It was clear, even had you not *known* the ending, that this honest New Salem storekeeper was going to become our 16th president.

If a sense of honor is the yardstick, then a recent experience has shown that there are a great many potential presidents in the U.S.A. today.

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TRADE Winds

WITH THE BOOK publishers of America leading the cheering section, editor Bill Nichols of *This Week* magazine has launched a "Wake Up and Read" campaign, leading off with a vigorous piece in the May 15 issue by Dr. Frank Baxter of Southern Cal. Dr. Baxter is the charming and glib prof who has made millions of TV fans actually enjoy Shakespeare, but he is the first to admit that TV can be no substitute for reading: it can only "open the eyes of the beholder to the treasures that await on the printed page." Baxter winds up with a list of thirty-two books which constitute his "Vitamin A Bookshelf": "must" reading for everybody "from the age of seven to seventy"—but intended principally as a star-spangled introduction to literature.

Dr. Baxter's list one (from the ages of seven to twelve): "Silver Pennies: A Collection of Poetry for Boys and Girls"; Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses"; Hawthorne's "Wonder Book"; Lang's "Fairy Tales"; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"; Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe"; Swift's "Gulliver's Travels"; Wyss's "Swiss Family Robinson"; Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland"; Kipling's "Just So Stories"; Scott's "Ivanhoe"; Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare"; Verne's "The Mysterious Island"; Twain's "Tom Sawyer"; Dickens's "A Christmas Carol"; Stevenson's "Treasure Island"; a children's edition of "The Arabian Nights."

Dr. Baxter's second list is "best after twelve": Scott's "Lady of the Lake"; Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill"; Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea"; London's "The Call of the Wild"; Dickens's "David Copperfield"; Twain's "Huckleberry Finn"; Auslander and Hill's "The Winged Horse Anthology"; Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome"; Dickens's "A Tale of Two Cities"; Tennyson's "Idylls of the King"; Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"; Blackmore's "Lorna Doone"; English and Scottish folk ballads; Stevenson's "Kidnapped"; Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast."

Personally, I believe Dr. Baxter's list is slightly out of date; I'd certainly include E. B. White's "Charlotte's Web" and some of the excellent new historical juveniles, and leave out "Pilgrim's Progress" (which bored me to death) and probably "Lorna Doone" and "Lays of Ancient Rome." But nobody can have a real quarrel with a man who so obviously has his guns trained in the right direction. A decided virtue of the Baxter list is that almost all the books on it are available in excellent, low-priced, unabridged editions.

ERIC AMBLER, WRITING to his friend Caskie Stinnett of *Holiday* magazine, made a proposal that could have far-reaching consequences. It involves nothing less than the creation of an International Spy Reserve, to be called E. Phillips Oppenheim Park. The ideal location, says Ambler, would be the Ile du Levant, off the coast of Southern France, abounding in disused Vauban and Napoleonic fortresses for the spies to spy on. Garrisons of disabled and impoverished veterans could be provided as recurrent dupes for the intrepid cloak-and-dagger men. Escapes by boat to the mainland could be made at scheduled intervals at dead of night without risk to neighborhood shipping and in absolute safety for the spies themselves. Female spies in traditional black satin would, of course, be introduced for breeding purposes. Spies would be classified by vintages, and even a small atomic pile provided for the younger fry to spy on. Sounds great. A store specializing in belted trench coats, with accommodations in the rear for writers of TV serials

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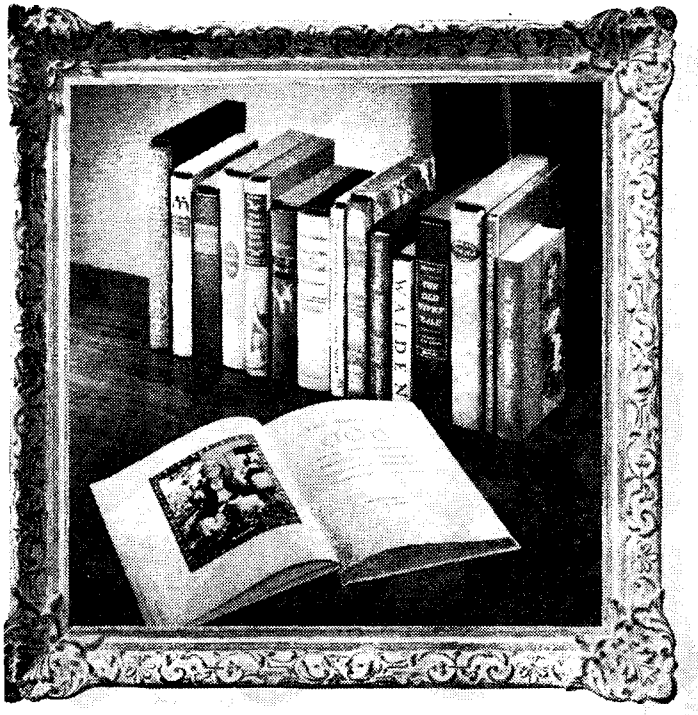

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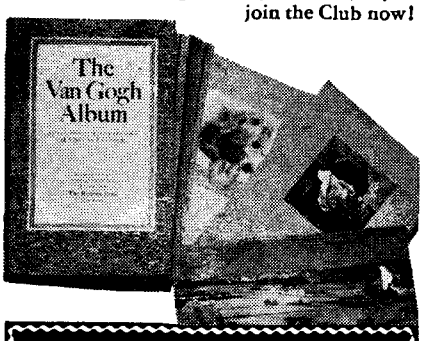

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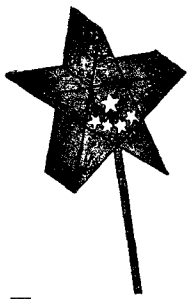

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BABES IN THE HOLLYWOODS. . . . M-G-M allegedly forked over $300,000 for the picture rights to Robert Ruark's "Something of Value." Charles Rolo overheard an executive of the company declare ruefully, "We overpaid —but it's worth it". . . . The genial stout who sang "Sit Down, You're Rocking the Boat" in the Broadway production of "Guys and Dolls" will essay the same role in the Goldwyn screen production. His name is Stubby Kaye—but Sam refers to him absentmindedly as "Stubby Toe" . . . . Art Linkletter, emceeing a dinner in honor of George Gobel, told the audience, "We tried to get Godfrey to preside, but he was busy giving a sendoff to some of his pals." . . . Gobel, in New York to accept a Peabody Award, generously credited his writers for much of his spectacular success, and, indeed, Hal Kantor is one of the best. "Hal's so rich," confided George, "he has writers of his own!" . . . Gobel told a publisher that his boxer, Irving, cannot be taught not to chase automobiles. The publisher assured him, "Every boxer chases cars." "I know," said Gobel, "but Irving catches them." . . . Richard Micks, fatigued by parking problems in the film capital, admitted, "There's nothing that gives me as much of a tickle as to park on what's left of another guy's nickel." . . . Alan Wilson heard a visitor ask a platinum-tressed starlet, "Did you buy that sable wrap out of your earnings?" The starlet gave a low chuckle—or was it a Peale?—of laughter and replied, "I owe it all to my Power of Positive Winking."

SERIOUS PAPERBACKS are now appearing in such profusion that a glut of the market, similar to the one that seared the more popular type of quarter books a year ago, now seems inevitable. While the going is good, however, a Paper Editions Club has been organized by Richard B. Fisher and associates at 2233 Camino Real (shades of Tennessee Williams), Palo Alto, California. If nothing more, this club can keep you *au courant* with the really notable flow of good titles now being made available at a fraction of their original price. I suggest that you send for the Paper Editions Club's literature. . . . The sixtieth-anniversary dinner dance of the New York Booksellers' League featured strange fruit cup, stalky and company celery, olives à la twist, dissertation on roast beef, peas of mind, and black majesty coffee on its menu. Keith Jennison whanged his gee-tar, Bo Budlong imitated everybody in sight, and a group of mummers headed by

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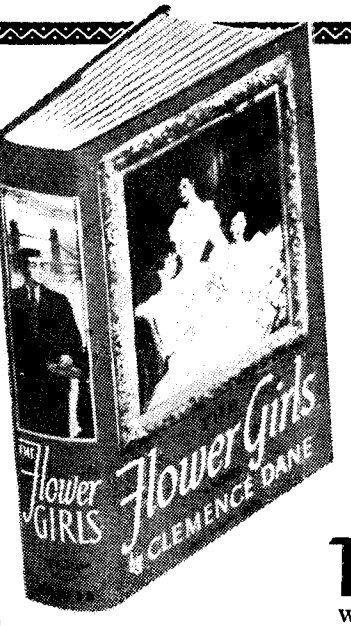
Peggy Amend, Bill Hickey, Mary Ann Lee, Ed Manger, Margaret Sullivan, and Arnold Swenson acted a repertoire that ranged from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to "A Hot Cat on a Cold Roof." A group of "experts" almost succeeded in fathoming which was which.

DILLON ANDERSON, the debonair Houston attorney (Charlie Morton describes him as "a double for Rhett Butler"), recently named Special Assistant for National Security Affairs, is the author of two Little, Brown books: "I and Claudie" and "Claudie's Kinfolk." He also has written for the *Atlantic Monthly* "A Portrait of a Poker Player," which describes graphically the dire fate of anybody rash enough to sit down and play with Jesse Jones. . . . Mr. Morton has a beguiling volume of his own on the spring Lippincott list: "A Slight Sense of Outrage" . . . . Victor Gollancz, distinguished English publisher, spent an utterly futile evening in New York recently trying to convince a theatrical producer that his name was not Gonzales. . . . An executive on the Coast sent his office boy to Marian Hunter's book store to pick up "A Man Called Peter." The boy asked, "How will I recognize him?" . . . Collectors of railroad lore (you'd be surprised to know how many there are) are awaiting Kip Farrington's "Railroading Around the World" (Coward-McCann), which will contain more than 200 photographs of thirty-four rail systems in twenty-three countries. . . . A pizza no artist could paint is only one of the spectacular recipes rounded up in Maria Taglienti's "Italian Cookbook."

PUN-ISHMENT. Vanessa Brown boasts a pair of silver candlesticks fashioned after nude figures. She calls them her scandalabras. . . . Stanley Adams, Oakland attorney, thinks that the Matusow book should be equipped with a reversible jacket. "Trouble with that fellow," adds Adams, "is that he can't decide which side his red is uttered on." . . . During the Trojan War, recalls J. Floyd Monk, Achilles predicted the course of an impending battle in meticulous detail. "How can you be so sure?" asked a fellow general. "Nothing to it," boasted Achilles. "My myrmidon told me." . . . Maurice Dolbier threatens to write a book about Africa called "Sahara, Wrong Number."

And at the White House in Washington, whispers Leonard Bers, the Eisenhowers were engaged in a hard-fought bridge game when a finesse went wrong for Ike and he went down two tricks. It was one of the few times anybody ever set a President.

—BENNETT CERF.



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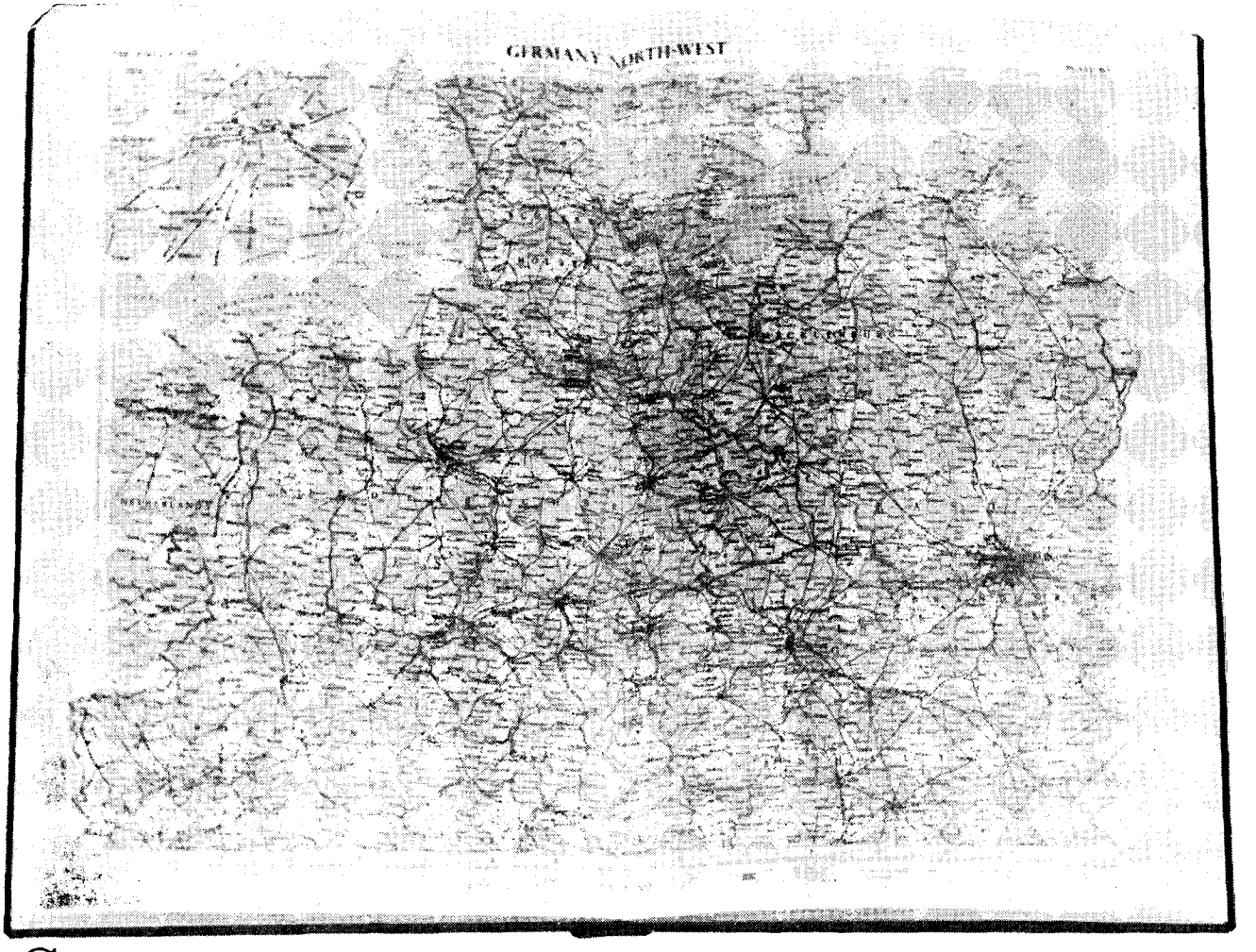
The Times Atlas of the World

Edited by John Bartholomew, M.C., M.A. for *The London Times*



Since its publication in 1921, *The Times Survey Atlas of the World*, edited by John Bartholomew, has been the standard to which all other atlases are compared. Now, after more than thirty years, there is need for a completely up-to-date atlas of even greater range, detail, and clarity. This demand is met with the publication of *The Times Atlas of the World*. No effort of scholarship, cartography, engraving, or book-making has been spared to make it not only the finest atlas available today, but in thoroughness, beauty, and durability one of great works in the history of geographical publishing.

The atlas will appear in five uniform volumes, each covering a section of the world, each indexed individually and in all respects complete for the area covered. The complete atlas will show over 200,000 places. The volumes will measure 19½ by 12⅜ inches, will be uniformly bound, and lettered in real gold on front and spine. 120 double-page maps, each measuring 24 by 19¼ inches, will appear in the complete atlas.

NORTHERN EUROPE will be published in Aug. 1955. The five volumes will appear one each year, in the following order:

1955	NORTHERN EUROPE	(Vol. III)
1956	MEDITERRANEAN AND AFRICA	(Vol. IV)
1957	THE AMERICAS	(Vol. V)
1958	WORLD, AUSTRALIA, EAST ASIA	(Vol. I)
1959	INDIA, MIDDLE EAST, RUSSIA	(Vol. II)

If you order *Northern Europe* before Sept. 21 from your bookstore or from Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park Street, Boston 7, Mass., you may take advantage of the special Charter Buyer's Price of $20.00. After Sept. 21 it will be priced at $25.00. Similar reductions will be offered on later volumes.

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The Saturday Review

JUNE 18, 1955

THE CASE FOR HOPE

It is the differences among the samenesses of life which upset Modern Man. While he is a great earthshaker, hydrogen-bomb blower, and calculating-machine attendant, he is no freer than the Neanderthal man from personal death, for example, or the needs of decency and health. Can our new material skills ever help to make us a better world? Arthur H. Compton—Nobel Prizewinner for physics (1927), director of the Chicago project which set up the first atomic chain reaction, chancellor of Washington University until 1953, and now Distinguished Service Professor of Natural Philosophy there—writes that they can. Man's new powers must be used to build a new moral life. and a sound political community.

By ARTHUR COMPTON

ACCORDING to the most generally accepted views of astronomers and physicists, the beginning of the physical universe dates from about four or five billion years ago. Before this time it seems that not only were there no stars and atoms, but that time itself was something of only indefinite meaning. It may be that this concept will need revision, but at least it will serve as the starting point for our present view of man's history.

Roughly three billion years ago the earth was formed. Our earliest evidences of life date back a billion years. Then came in succession the appearance of the vertebrates, the mammals, and, a million or so years ago, primitive man. It is some 50,000 years since *homo sapiens*, man of the kind we know, first appeared on the scene. Six thousand years ago we find the beginnings of civilized life, and with it, as my late colleague James Breasted described it, the dawn of social conscience. In the following millennia came the introduction of writing, the foundations of logic and of Greek science, the growth of the great religions, the development of the technology first of the precious metals, then of bronze, and later of iron and steel. Some 500 years ago occurred the European Renaissance. the printing of books, the discoveries of the great geographic explorers, and the establishment of the testing of hypotheses as the foundation for the firm growth of modern science. It is within the last two generations that so many of the great developments of science and technology have occurred. These include the establishment of the germ theory of disease, proof of the existence of atoms, the discovery of the electron and of radioactivity, the knowledge of the age of the rocks, the measurement of the distance of the stars and galaxies, the development of organic chemistry, the discovery of antibiotics, and the other extensive applications of many forms of technology.

If we should liken the five billion years of the universe's existence to a year the last two generations are but a third of a second, the time required to take one quick step. The remarkable fact is that during the time required for this step there has been added to the heritage of man something that is substantial in relation to that of all the long year of his previous history. This is what we mean by saying that we are changing rapidly.

As we look at ourselves through the

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Academic Spring

By Robert Hillyer

NOW learning is entangled with the weather,
And ever green shall be these studied pages
Where facts and youth and south wind blend together
Impelling the live sap up trellised ages,
To flaunt new leaves on bines of classic thought,
Refreshing the sere crowns on brows of sages,
While all the urgent push of spring is fraught
With birdsong from the groves beyond the dawn,
Those magic flutenotes never to be caught.
Under the great trees on the campus lawn
The girls in colors like embodied joys
Cluster and flutter, seemingly withdrawn
From seemingly indifferent groups of boys.

"Another year gone by," say the professors,
Putting aside the last examination.
They feel like portraits of their predecessors,
A little dark with time, for graduation
Holds reminiscence more than promise, more
Than learning's periodic consummation.
To those who watched their classes march to war,
The hushed alumni of mortality
In cap and gown still haunt the Gothic door.
But now by "Pomp and Circumstance" set free,
Seniors in blowing robes file slowly by,
While the south wind rides on from tree to tree,
And the white sun stands cloudless in the sky.

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eyes of science what do we find? Briefly, it is this. We are a part of nature, comparable with all that we see around us. In every act we obey the same natural laws. We are, nevertheless, a most remarkable part. We are aware of what goes on. We can exchange ideas with each other. Within certain limits we can shape the world about us. We are free to create new structures, new ideas, that have not existed before. What the scientist finds gives us reason to suppose that man in his physical structure is in no essential way different from the rest of the world of nature: he is composed of the same atoms, obeys the same laws of conservation of energy, of thermodynamics, and so on. All that we know in science seems to confirm this conclusion. Nevertheless, men and women have this remarkable characteristic: We are aware of what happens to us. We think, we feel, we have emotions.

Now, the physical object we call man acts according to certain physical laws which are more or less well understood. But these acts and laws do not of themselves imply anything with regard to the conscious aspects of man. They nevertheless are obviously consistent with the fact that man is a conscious being. This is evident from the very fact that each of us knows within himself the presence of his consciousness, while if he examines himself as a physical mechanism he finds that he obeys the same laws of nature as do the objects in the world around him.

There is also another significant realm in which man's actions go beyond the province of science. This is our experience of freedom. Over a considerable part of the history of science it has been thought that the world is a physically determined system, so that the experience of freedom must have little connection with physical events. With the advent of quantum mechanics, some thirty years ago, the thought of physicists in this regard has undergone a significant revolution. It is, I believe, fair to say, that modern scientific theory does not dispute the possibility of the type of human freedom that implies human responsibility.

Our scientific knowledge does not, however, give of itself any indication that such freedom exists. That we do in fact shape the world to our desires, just as the fact that we are aware of what is happening, is known only from our first-hand experience. These facts are not obtainable through scientific observation, but they are nevertheless consistent with our scientific knowledge of the physical world.

AS we view man through the eye of science we find much valuable information regarding his origin, his structure, and the physical basis of his life. But in the broader view we find that he is much more than the sum of all these things. He is a being of spiritual aspiration, of human feeling and emotion.

I recall as a college student reading a book by the eminent American psychologist William James. He was discussing what we mean by the "self." He pointed out that the boundary of what I consider as my self is not my skin; it includes, for example, the clothes that I wear. It is important to my state of mind that in addressing an audience I shall be properly clad for the occasion. The "self," he adds, extends to the family. What my wife, my brothers, my parents, my children may think and do affects my confidence in myself, my status in society, my ability to meet the demands of life. They are in this sense a part of my own life.

What technology is doing is to extend this "selfhood" to include an ever-widening circle. It includes, to a greater or lesser degree, all of mankind.

During recent months I flew away from the United States and back again by way of the Pacific and India and Europe. I take some pride in the fact that I am one who can fly. And yet is it true to say that *I* can fly? It would be more correct to say not that *I* can fly, but that *man* can fly. I identify myself with those who are capable of this achievement. This is what I mean by saying that the individual self extends to all mankind.

This is true also in another sense. My mind is as it is because of many experiences. These experiences have come from contact with parents and friends and people of all sorts, also from the reading of books. Ideas from all over the world have influenced me. Some of these have become impressed on my memory. They form the background of what I am writing now. The very physical condition of my brain has been modified by what has happened in the world over the ages and in many places.

In a similar way the actions and thoughts of each of us have to a certain degree extended throughout the world. We have affected, more or less, the lives of many persons who have never heard of us. We live in them. What is happening is that each individual's relationships in the world are becoming more complex under the stimulus of scientific and technological progress. If a man accepts the moral implications of these growing relationships his own life will take on richer meaning. We all want to live

(*Continued on page* 47)

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Gone But Unforgotten

IT'S NOT that the South remembers the Civil War, but, rather, that we can't forget it. It frowns at us from a thousand courthouse monuments and haunts us from a hundred thousand tombstones. It speaks to us from hotels named for our generals, from highways named for our heroes. Its songs jeer or cheer us and its books smirk at us and call us dull, brutal schizophrenes or puff us up as heroic gallants, bowing and scraping and honey-chiling all over the place.

Be that as it may, what does that Chesapeake fisherman tonging oysters have in common with that Florida conch drying sponges? That Carolina Tarheel making the warhead for a guided missile? That Tennessee mountaineer at Oak Ridge? That Louisiana Cajun growing sugar cane? That Texan punching cattle?

Always this in common: their folks stood together in the Civil War and went down together, kicking and clawing.

It seldom fails—let two Southerners meet on the other side of the world and they won't talk about the Civil War at all. Each will assume that the other's grandpas got shot at and did some shooting. They'll talk about Southern food (and eat steaks every time they get a chance) and Southern music, Southern drinks, Southern football, Southern girls, Southern books, fishing and hunting, and wind up in a hollering argument over the Negro question. But let a Northerner join them and up pops the Civil War.

—From "James Street's South," edited by James Street, Jr. (Doubleday).

Report on Red China

CHINA has taken to Communist dictatorship like a lost man to a signpost, a tramp to bread and cheese, a megalomaniac to Aladdin's lamp. China now knows where it is going; the Chinese are eating better. Whisk! Here is China taking its place in the deliberation of the world's great powers round the Geneva conference table. China has found its panacea. It is presumptuous of me to write this. I was there only three weeks. I spoke no Chinese. I had not been there before. Yet the British colony in Shanghai would not dispute this, nor the diplomats in Peking. Let me stick my neck out, let me presume.

The Government, I thought, has a very firm hold on the country, and it seemed to me that the country liked it that way. And Communism has as firm a hold on the official class as that class has on the people. The Government is popular. Communism is popular. The Government works, and if that means a dictatorship, so be it.

I met hundreds of Chinese and there are hundreds of millions of Chinese. I do not know what they think about Communism, but I suspect that those who think anything at all about it like it: all of them, that is, except the 1.64 per cent who are deprived of their political rights by edict. There are ten million of them and they are the people for whom things are worse. For the rest things, *things,* are better; and if you count yourself lucky to have a cotton quilt for winter and a bowl of rice to eat when you are hungry then things, these things, are what you are interested in. These things, these facts, convinced the mild and humane professor I met in Peking: "I am not a Marxist but I look at this university now and see it better off than ever. That is a hard fact. I see more students than ever. That is a hard fact. I see all this building going on, these factories going up, these machine tools made in China, the people better fed, and fewer pot-bellied children. These are all hard facts. . . . Now we see that if we do go along the way of socialism our lives get better and better. Everybody is better. It proves that Marxism is good for us. Now after the Liberation everything gets all right."

I think that everybody in China thinks that, everybody that is except the tiny minority, the odd ten million or so.

—From "No Flies in China," by Manchester Guardian correspondent George Stafford Gale (William Morrow).

Scandal at the Met

WHEN in New York I visited the Metropolitan Opera House as *the thing to see* and I duly saw it. I was dazzled not only by the women's dresses and jewels, but also by their talk and gestures, not to mention their manner of smoking and eating. One woman asked her escort to pass along a meat sandwich, which disappeared in a flash; another tilted her

—From "Churchill: His Life in Photographs" (Rinehart).

TWO CHURCHILLS: Sir Winston Churchill not only venerates his ancestors but he also looks like at least one of them, as can be seen by these portraits from **"Churchill: His Life in Photographs."** At left is John Churchill, victor of Blenheim, son of the founder of the family, and subject of one of Sir Winston's own books.

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face to the ceiling after her cigarette had been lit, without realizing that her long hair was dipping into someone's glass behind her; several were talking, whispering, or joking to each other, apparently unconcerned with the opera. Though the men wore their black-and-white uniform, they revealed their characters as they talked and laughed. One was doubled up with laughter and just could not straighten out again. Almost every man had a big cigar, while to my surprise I saw one delicately taking snuff.

The whole scene seemed typical of New York society yet was at the same time familiar to me, for in many ways it reminded me of Sheridan's play "The School for Scandal." I had no reason to suppose that this audience's talk was scandalous, but here were characters easily identifiable as Lady Sneerwell, Mrs. Candour, Lady Teazle; Maria too. Lady Teazle said: "My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be." What more appropriate comment could there be on the women in the Metropolitan Opera House?

The man taking snuff might have been Mr. Snake, who was equally good at spreading scandal and truth, as when he spoke to Lady Sneerwell for the last time: "I beg your ladyship ten thousand pardons: you paid me extremely liberally for the lie in question; but I unfortunately have been offered double to speak the truth." I saw Sheridan's play revived in London, with gorgeous costumes, only a few years ago, and could well imagine that leisurely eighteenth-century life, full of gossip about fashions, drinks, and minor grievances, from which present-day London seems so very remote. That sort of life seems to exist today only during the "intermission" at the Metropolitan Opera House!

—By Chiang Yee, from "The Empire City," edited by Alexander Klein (Rinehart).

The Hardier Adamses

FREQUENTLY Grandfather had to admonish us against snobbishness. He was not wholly free from it, himself, however. A visiting New England lady to whom he was presented at a church festival said, "Adams? Adams? Do you claim kinship with the Boston Adamses?"

"There is a Boston branch, I believe," he answered cautiously.

"I refer to the Presidential Adamses," the lady said haughtily.

"Ah! I was personally acquainted with the Honorable John Quincy Adams. A very respectable gentleman. He may well have been a connection of our line, though, being no brag-hard, he would naturally not press the claim . . ."

Privately he considered the Boston Adamses rather an effete and unenterprising lot. They clung to an easeful existence in Massachusetts while the hardier pioneers of the breed were risking the perils and hardships of the wilderness that made up Western New York in 1791.

—From "Grandfather Stories," by Samuel Hopkins Adams (Random House).

Ethel's Secret

I CAN'T remember ever being afraid of an audience, so I can see no reason to be afraid of you. Even when I was a little kid I never minded standing up in front of people and speaking my piece. I could always sing and I began to entertain when I was five or six. Nobody had to teach me that. I just stood up beside a piano and sang. I didn't think that what I was doing was unusual. If anybody had said, "Imagine you doing that!" I'd have asked, "Doesn't everybody?"

As a singer I do one basic thing. I project. That means that I belt the lyrics over the footlights like a baseball coach belting fly balls to an outfield. And, since I do this one basic thing, I don't have anything that you can analyze and slice thin like a "style." A long list of singers have so much "style" you can imitate them easy, but it's always been hard to imitate me. Have you ever seen a good Merman burlesque? That's what I thought. When I sing I have a whirlwind drive and I don't bother about style, but I do bother about making people understand the lyrics I sing. I honestly don't think there's anyone in the business who can top me at that.

I don't need style to sell my songs; yet when you hear me you know who I am. At least I've been told that by a number of honest people and I believe them.

Irving Berlin once said, "If you write lyrics for Ethel they better be good, for if they're bad everybody's going to hear them anyhow."

Following the first night of "Anything Goes" the *New York Herald Tribune* printed a thing I couldn't understand. It went like this: "Miss Merman's part of the song goes along bars, so to say, while the orchestra in-

—From "Designing for People," by Henry Dreyfuss (Simon and Schuster).

The working model for a washing machine is demonstrated to company executives of a mail-order house in a handsome paneled office complete with Oriental rug—". . . inadvertently I touched the lever that emptied the tub [and], in a kind of nightmare, soapsuds flooded the elaborate room and executives scattered to escape the deluge."

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dulges in contrapuntal ripples and waves which have nothing to do with the tune, and meanwhile also the rhymes themselves fall on first and middle syllables, in a delightfully tricky sort of syncopation which calls for the most delicately accurate timing on the part of all concerned. The dash and precision with which Miss Merman lands each syllable where it belongs is enchanting."

What I finally figured the man must have meant is this: it was a very tricked-up orchestration and the band was playing against me, but I came out ahead. Period.

—From "Who Could Ask for Anything More," by Ethel Merman as told to Pete Martin (Doubleday).

The Uses of Dissent

THERE has been much undiscriminating eulogy of dissenting opinions. It is said they clarify the issues. Often they do the exact opposite. The technique of the dissenter often is to exaggerate the holding of the Court beyond the meaning of the majority and then blast away at the excess. So the poor lawyer with a similar case does not know whether the majority opinion meant what it seemed to say or what the minority said it meant. . . .

The *right of dissent* is a valuable one. Wisely used on well-chosen occasions, it has been of great service to the profession and to the law. But there is nothing good, for either the Court or the dissenter, in dissenting per se. Each dissenting opinion is a confession of failure to convince the writer's colleagues, and the true test of a judge is his influence in leading, not in opposing, his court.

—From "The Supreme Court in the American System of Government," by Robert H. Jackson (Harvard University Press).

Wise Old Sow

WHOEVER has really looked into the eye of a shrewd old sow should feel humility. It is a bright clear eye, more like the eye of a human than the eye of any other animal. It looks at you quite directly, even with what might be described as a piercing gaze. The look sizes you up, appraises you, and leaves you presently with the impression that the old sow has indeed a very low opinion of you, an opinion tempered by scorn and contempt and perhaps even a little animosity. Clearly she does not think that you amount to very much and that given a difficult situation she could cope with it far better than you could do. It is as if she said, "You think you can shut me up and confine me. Well, that's what you think! Ha! Ha!" Sometimes, I have a feeling that she is thinking, "You think you know how to manage me and bring up my litters with all your disinfectants, your heat lamps, your violet rays, your antibiotics, your supplements, your inoculations, your vaccinations. Just let me alone and give me my freedom and I won't have any troubles nor will the pigs I feed."

—From "From My Experience," by Louis Bromfield (Harper).

—Illustrations from "Arts and Ideas" (Holt).

Giotto's "Death of St. Francis," in the Church of Santa Croce, Florence.

"Street Musicians," a Herculaneum mosaic, by Dioskourides of Samos (*c.* 100 B.C.), now in the National Museum of Naples.

Picasso's "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" (1907), in the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

Francis X. and the Pennies

THE first time I brought Francis X. Bushman to New York to sign a contract with Metro he had been receiving only $250 a week in Chicago. I wanted to raise his salary to a commanding figure. When we got off at Grand Central I had my coat pockets loaded with two thousand pennies. As Bushman and I walked along Forty-second Street toward the Metro office I dropped handfuls of pennies in our line of march. At first children followed us to pick up the coins, then grown-ups, then everybody grew curious and joined in the parade. By the time we reached Metro the streets were black with milling crowds, and the police unable to disperse them.

When the officers of Metro looked out of the window they judged Bushman's popularity by the vast throngs that had followed us and he received a thousand dollars a week without any argument. Metro wouldn't think of letting him out of the office before he signed the contract. The fact was not a living soul in the entire mob knew Bushman from Adam then. But they had a natural flair for pennies.

—By Harry Reichenbach and David Freedman, from "Grand Deception," edited by Alexander Klein (Lippincott).

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ONE HUNDRED GOOD HAMMOCK COMPANIONS

TRADITIONALLY, the books with which we curl up in our hammocks during the long vacation days are novels, but it looks as if this isn't going to be a traditional summer—at least if we know what's good for us. We've just asked the literary editors and critics of leading newspapers from coast to coast to name six books they'd recommend for hammock companionship, and find that nearly two-thirds of their suggestions are for non-fiction. Books of history, biography, and social appraisal lead the field in their voting:

"The Land They Fought For," by Clifford Dowdey, eleven votes.

"Boswell on the Grand Tour: Italy, Corsica, and France," edited by Frank Brady and Frederick A. Pottle, ten votes.

"Tiger of the Snows," by Tenzing of Everest in collaboration with James Ramsey Ullman, nine votes.

"Nectar in the Sieve," by Kamala Markandaya, five votes.

"Not Honour More," by Joyce Cary, five votes.

"America in Mid-Century," by André Siegfried, four votes.

"The Flower Girls," by Clemence Dane, four votes.

"A Good Man Is Hard to Find," by Flannery O'Connor, four votes.

In the hope that you will find the critics' suggestions useful as a guide to your own reading, we list them all below. As in the past, the editor is greatly indebted to Marianne Gutman for assistance in compiling the list, to John Haverstick for helping with the annotations. The names in the brackets are those of the critics making the nomination.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

Fiction

Five Votes

NECTAR IN A SIEVE. *By Kamala Markandaya. John Day.* $3.50.
A vivid picture of the day-to-day life of average people in an Indian village. (Bradley, Cross, Herzberg, Hormel, Snajdr.)

NOT HONOUR MORE. *By Joyce Cary. Harper.* $3.50.
Completion of the trilogy begun with "Prisoner of Grace" and "Except the Lord," chronicling the downfall of a powerful and dishonest political leader. (Cross, O'Neill, Smith, Snajdr, Tinkle.)

Four Votes

THE FLOWER GIRLS. *By Clemence Dane. W. W. Norton.* $4.95.
This one has been called a big glory of a novel peopled by the first family of the English theatre, one of whose scions manages to get to Hollywood and all that goes with Hollywood. (Bond, Dolbier, Flowers, Morrissey.)

A GOOD MAN IS HARD TO FIND. *By Flannery O'Connor. Harcourt, Brace.* $3.50.
A collection of short stories about the Deep South by the author of "Wise Blood." (Cross, Kogan, O'Neill, Wyllie.)

Three Votes

BAND OF ANGELS. *By Robert Penn Warren. Random House.* $3.95.
How Amantha Starr of Kentucky was sold into slavery in New Orleans long ago and of how she lived in the bizarre home of a "discriminating" buyer and of how she finally got out of it all. (Barkham, Bradley, Cross.)

THE WINE OF YOUTH. *By Robert Wilder. G. P. Putnam's Sons.* $3.95.
Texas, murder, and shady ladies, all tied together with a Hamlet-like revenge motif. (Little, Snajdr, Tinkle.)

Two Votes

EXCELSIOR! *By Paul Hyde Bonner. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.50.
A cosmopolitan dish which includes a Swiss banker, a Nazi spy, an American OSS officer and their international caperings during World War II, all cooked up by the author of "SPQR" and "Hotel Talleyrand." (Babcock, Morrissey.)

MINE BOY. *By Peter Abrahams. Alfred A. Knopf. Paperbound,* $1.25.
A tale of lusty life in South African Negro slums and of a fellow who learned that race hatred is not the answer to race hatred. By the author of "Tell Freedom." (Kogan, Tinkle.)

THE PERSISTENT IMAGE. *By Gladys Schmitt. Dial Press.* $3.50.
Love, divorce, and a little psychology, done up in fancy ribbons. (Molyneaux, Rothermel.)

THE RICE-SPROUT SONG. *By Eileen Chang. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $4.
Life as it is now being lived in Red China. (Bradley, Molyneaux.)

THE SEAGULL ON THE STEP. *By Kay Boyle. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.50.
A diagnosis of the ailments of postwar France through the life of a tiny fishing village. (Herzberg, Rothermel.)

SOME PREFER NETTLES. *By Junichiro Tanizaki. Translated by Edward G. Seidensticker. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.
A story of 1928 Japan, of a marriage that is on the verge of failure, and of the traditional and Western forces that work upon it. (Molyneaux, Yeiser.)

THE TWELVE PICTURES. *By Edith Simon. G. P. Putnam's Sons.* $3.95.
A reworking of the Nibelung saga by a distinguished historical novelist. (Hass, Jackson.)

One Vote

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF ISAAC BABEL. *Translated by Walter Morison. Criterion Books.* $5.
A group of stories by a little-known Russian writer whose settings are mainly concerned with revolutionary Russia (Kogan.)

THE CYPRESSES BELIEVE IN GOD. *By José María Gironella. Translated by Harriet de Onis. Alfred A. Knopf. Two vols.,* $10.
Life in a small Spanish city before the Civil War as seen through the eyes of a fourteen-year-old boy. (Thomas B. Sherman.)

THE DAY THE CENTURY ENDED. *By Francis Irby Gwaltney. Rinehart.* $3.50.
The story of a Southern farm boy and his war with himself and the world during the war against Japan (Flowers.)

FATHER VIKENTY. *By Paul Chavchavadze. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.75.
A heart-in-the-right-place story of a Russian Orthodox priest in New York and of his struggles there along the thorny road to salvation. (Bond.)

THE GENIUS AND THE GODDESS. *By Aldous Huxley. Harper & Bros.* Probable price, $2.75.
The genius: a Nobel Prizewinning scientist. The goddess: his wife. The situation: a tangle of sexuality which comes to pass when a young prig enters the household, all done under naked light bulbs. (Barkham.)

HANNIBAL OF CARTHAGE. *By Mary Dolan. Macmillan.* $3.75.
A fictionalized life of the great Carthaginian general, which attempts to stick by the facts as much as it is possible to do so in a fictionalization (Bond.)

THE HAUNTED BOOKSHOP AND PARNASSUS ON WHEELS. *By Christopher Morley. J. B. Lippincott. 2 vols.,* $5.
A newly illustrated two-volume edition of Mr. Morley's stories about a marvelous young bookseller who, though small in stature, had an Olympic personality. (Hass.)

HEARTS AND HEADS. *By Christopher Veiel. Little, Brown.* $3.75.
Some flying cups and saucers (and pokers) about a girl who wants to marry her chauffeur, who in turn brandishes a poker at her husband, who, having almost died as a result, comes to the rescue of both of them and then jauntily skips off with another woman. (Yeiser.)

THE HIDDEN RIVER. *By Storm Jameson, Harper.* $3.
What occurred when a group of people who had known each other in various guises in Occupied France met again in a country house on the Loire. (Thomas B. Sherman.)

LEAPS THE LIVE THUNDER. *By Garald Lagard. William Morrow.* $3.50.
The time: May, 1863. The place: the long hard road to Rome, Georgia. The story: one Rackham Ballarol sets out to join the Rebel forces of General Nathan Bedford and, along with his pet cat, Colonel Turpentine, becomes more concerned with a circus dancer named Kelsie Cochran than he does with the war. (Smith.)

THE MAN CALLED LENZ. *By George Young. Coward-McCann.* $3.
A cops-and-robbers novel of pre-Israel Palestine. The cops: the British police. The robbers: a Jewish terrorist organization so brutal that even the Haganah and the Irgun washed their hands of them. (McManis.)

THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT. *By Sloan Wilson. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
A first novel about the man in the uniform of the day—the gray flannel suit; and of this particular one's worry over whether his uniform provides as secure a life as did the O.D. uniform he once wore. (Flowers.)

THE NIGHT OF TIME. *By René Fulop-Miller. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Bobbs-Merrill.* $3.75.
All about some highly symbolic doings of a highly symbolic (and nameless) army in a highly symbolic (and nameless) war who march toward death like lemmings rushing to the sea in order to fulfil M. Fulop-Miller's symbolism. (O'Neill.)

NO COUNTRY FOR OLD MEN. *By Warren Eyster. Random House.* $4.50.
Of the Mijacks and the Langs, two Pennsylvania steel-town families who become involved in land, money, religion, love, politics (and steel). By the author of "Far from the Customary Skies." (Morrissey.)

THE QUALITY OF QUIROS. *By Robert Raynolds. Bobbs-Merrill.* $3.75.
The time: 1595. The place: the high seas. The situation: two Spanish explorers (and a lady they brought along) tackle unknown waters in their search for glory, gold, and truth. (Smith.)

RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP. *By Commander Edward L. Beach, U.S.N. Henry Holt & Co.* $3.95.
Some depth castings into life among the submarines during World War II. By the author of "Submarine!" (McManis.)

SELF CONDEMNED. *By Wyndham Lewis. Henry Regnery.* $4.
Some fun and some bitterness on the part of a gifted history professor from England who

(*Continued on page* 39)

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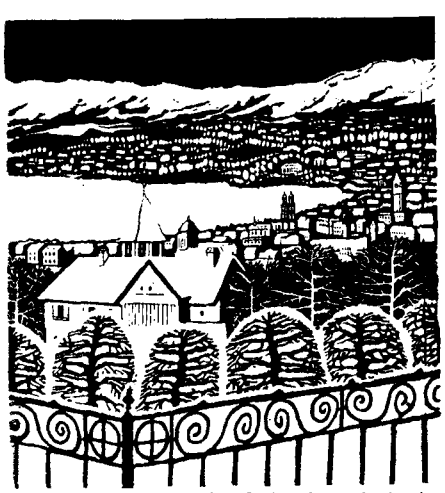
FICTION

Furtive Eye on High Finance

"Excelsior!" by Paul Hyde Bonner *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 279 pp. $3.50), tells of a naturalized American sent to spy on his father's banking firm in wartime Switzerland.*

By Hollis Alpert

PAUL HYDE BONNER manages to get around in his fiction. His first novel, "SPQR," was set in Rome; his second, "Hôtel Talleyrand," took in the postwar Paris scene; now, in "Excelsior!," he has moved on to Switzerland. Most of the book's action takes place in Zurich, during the early years of World War II, but there is time for side trips to New York, Washington, and London. It's good to have a new novelist with a feeling for place, and particularly for the cosmopolitan place. Mr. Bonner also seems to have an affinity for dealing with the life of the well-born, the rich, and the sophisticated. There is hardly a character in "Excelsior!" who doesn't live well, who hasn't had the advantages of elegant surroundings, fine food and drink (with a knack for choosing the *precise* wine), and good grooming. Here is an American author who will have nothing to do with the schools of grim naturalism, regionalism, or even the psychiatric. He doesn't hate, inveigh, or cry out the wounds of the ego. If only what he did were a little better done, if his intricate plots fascinated more, if his people haunted the memory with their color or exquisiteness, if his language were not so sober and careful . . .



—*Jacket design from the book.*

". . . hotbed of spying."

But perhaps this is asking too much. What he has done in "Excelsior!" has certainly been done with skill. He has taken a Swiss banking family called the Egglis and shown them operating within the framework of wartime neutrality. The major figure is eighty-year-old Robert Eggli, proud, domineering, gifted not only with the ability to discern the pattern the war will take (there is some second sight on the author's part at work here, I fear) but with the even more striking ability to keep a beautiful and elegant mistress lovingly devoted to him. We are shown Switzerland as a hotbed of international spying during the war. A fancy Italian playboy and a homosexual German poet show up at all the right parties. High sources in Germany, London, and Washington are anxious to know the position of the Eggli bank as each major event of the war occurs.

THE plot doesn't really begin to spin with any momentum until Eggli's son, Jacques, a naturalized American, is sent by the OSS to spy on the bank, to find out exactly where German and Swiss money is being invested and how. The battle of wits that ensues isn't exactly stimulating, but it serves to show why the old man is smarter than his sons. It also gives old Eggli a last opportunity to explain the role of international high finance in settling things down after the wars are over. I'm not sure all this is very profound, but you are convinced the Egglis think it so.

If it weren't such slow-moving intrigue, one would think Mr. Bonner's object was to do a novel of intrigue. I'm sure, however, that he was after something more full-bodied. He has taken the trouble to round out his characters, to show them in their everyday circumstances. The trouble here is that his people aren't terribly interesting. Their responses are quiet, their manners are impeccable, their passions never seem burning ones. Above all, Mr. Bonner stays in the background, much detached. What we get then is a quiet, neat story, with all the world-shaking events muted. All of it is readable, but little of it is memorable. I fear we're going to have to use that word Mr. Maughan used to dread so much. Mr. Bonner is competent, but not much more.

THE AUTHOR: For the last four years Paul Hyde Bonner has been a kind of hundred-thousand-or-so-word annual testimonial to the old adage "If at first you don't succeed try, try again." Bonner at first didn't succeed as a writer, and he has a trunkful of manuscripts to prove it. However, he tried and tried, and in 1952, at the age of fifty-eight, he wrote "SPQR," amassing success from one end of the country to the other. Out of a nice sense of gratitude, he has since written a book a year—"Hôtel Talleyrand" in 1953, "The Glorious Mornings" last year, and "Excelsior!" this year. He has just finished a novella as a down-payment on next year. Loosely speaking, Bonner's life is a happy catchall of singing, textiles, and writing. Around 1914 he quit Harvard to audition at La Scala. He did fine, but the assassination of an archduke at Sarajevo killed off opera for several years. Back home—Brooklyn—he worked in his father's bank (Trotsky was a depositor), married, and later joined the New York branch of his father-in-law's Swiss textile firm. Between sales he'd skip over to the Algonquin to hobnob with the Round Table bunch. Anyway, he and textiles hit it off so beautifully that by 1931 he was able to retire. The Bonners—by now there were four sons—sailed for Europe, where Mr. B. did a little hunting and writing. A few of his pieces those years appeared in *The New Yorker, Esquire,* and *Vogue,* but the majority appeared in the trunk. World War II ended all that; he was a colonel during it and Special Adviser to the U.S. Ambassador to Italy after it. "I was fifty-eight, in search of some steady, do-it-yourself employment to stave off boredom when I started to write my first novel," he said the other day in Summerville, S. C. "There was no evidence that I could write fiction, but there was a trend in the air. Many retired bankers, soldiers, and diplomats (I had a fling at all three) were dabbling in the arts. So why not I?" When he isn't dabbling he can usually be found in the moss-hung Lowcountry, shooting quail to the tune of "Vesti la giubba." —BERNARD KALB.

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Academic Exile

***"Self Condemned," by Wyndham Lewis** (Henry Regnery. 407 pp. $4), is a novel of ideas, centered about a disconsolate English professor of history sitting out the war, with his wife, in a Canadian hotel room.*

By Ben Ray Redman

WYNDHAM LEWIS is a writer of distinguished accomplishment and high reputation, whose circle of readers is smaller than it deserves to be. Within that circle his admirers have been lavish, even injudicious, with their praise; T. S. Eliot having gone so far as to salute him as "the greatest prose stylist of my generation—perhaps the only one to have invented a new style." That he possesses a vigorously effective, flexible style there is no doubt, but in his novels the controversialist often takes precedence of the artist. Often his characters speak not for themselves but for him, often he comes between them and the reader; and it is with true perception that one critic of his work, Hugh Kenner, has spoken of the autobiographical nature of his fiction, and of "his savagely energetic intelligence hunting down chimerical images of itself." In his new novel, "Self Condemned," we find him at his characteristic best and worst: always vital, steadily interesting, sometimes didactic, witty, caustic, frequently brilliant.

"Self Condemned," subtitled "A Novel of Exile," is the story of a gifted, original, successful professor of history at an English university, who gives up his chair because he can no longer teach history as it must be taught under orthodox supervision, and goes into voluntary exile in Canada, with a wife who loves and admires him devotedly, without being able to share his intellectual life or understand his motives. This is in the summer of 1939, on the eve of the Second World War, which the professor, René Harding, has clearly foreseen, and the probable course of which he has already plotted in a remarkable book. For three years the Hardings sit out the war in a single room in a second-rate hotel in a Canadian city that bears the fictitious name of Momaco. They loathe Canada and Canadians; it is obvious that their loathing is shared by their creator, and Mr. Lewis is never more eloquent than when he is expressing dislike. As a result the Dominion and its inhabitants come in for a very bad beating.

In "the Room" René Harding's mind stagnates, while Hester dreams of a return to England. Fire finally forces them to change their way of life, and a newly found friend arouses René from his lethargy. He finds himself lecturing and writing again; he even finds himself revising, or extending, his philosophy of history. This philosophy may be simply expressed by the statement that what we call history is nothing more than a record of mediocrity and criminality, a record that should be blotted from man's memory. Reawakened to intellectual activity, René recognizes that "the problem of problems is to find anything of value intact and undiluted in the vortex of slush and nonsense: to discover any foothold (however small) in the phenomenal chaos, for the ambitious mind: enough that is uncontaminated to make it worth while to worry about life at all." Just when René thinks he may be finding such a foothold irreparable disaster overwhelms him; but a shell of a man survives to accept academic honors.

—Self-portrait by Wyndham Lewis

Wyndham Lewis—"great prose stylist."

COMEDY, drama, melodrama, tragedy, and even farce may all be found in "Self Condemned," and readers who look for symbolism may easily persuade themselves that they have discovered it. But it is essentially a novel of ideas, and one of Mr. Lewis's greatest gifts is his ability to make

(*Continued on page* 42)

ARTIST AT WAR: Since 1909 the novels, paintings, criticism, and polemics of Wyndham Lewis (not to be confused, it is customary to note, with the novelist D. B. Wyndham Lewis) have outraged, delighted, and titillated audiences in Great Britain and abroad. He is the man, said his friend Ezra Pound, "who was wrong about everything except the superiority of live mind to dead mind." Hugh Kenner, in one of the most significant volumes in the Makers of Modern Literature Series, **"Wyndham Lewis"** (New Directions, $2.50), cogently essays a judgment of "the most astonishing literary career of the twentieth century." Mr. Kenner is a keen, objective critic who weighs faults against virtues and argues well for Lewis's eminence in contemporary culture. He writes of a man who naively accepted Hitler as a man of peace, but who also contributed to the English language such masterpieces as "Tarr," "Revenge for Love," and "Time and Western Man," among other works.

The impression of Lewis is one of tremendous energy and inventiveness. As leader of the Vorticist school, he founded in 1914 and wrote for *Blast*, a periodical in which the grammatical conventions of English prose were subordinated to assonance, rhythm, and the like. Vorticism, "a metaphysic of violence" whose philosophical essence is that control over chaos is exercised by a point of calm, is chiefly demonstrated in "Tarr." This philosopher-novelist sees life as mechanical, devoid of time. Lewis, according to Mr. Kenner, has set down his cynical assessments of our civilizations in an energetic, dreamlike literature in which his unreal characters appear suspended over a void. His paintings, paralleling his concern with polemics and automata, are deemed among the most important in the twentieth century. Lewis, who belongs to the age of Joyce, Pound, and Eliot, is like a protagonist in one of his own novels; for his characters are creative artists at war with time, contemptuous of their pasts. The restless, inquisitive energy that epitomizes Lewis was threatened in 1951, when he became blind. But even this handicap he turned to creative advantage, intensifying his mental vision by way of compensation. Sardonically cheerful, he has continued to write criticism and, recently, the novel "Self Condemned." "Milton," said Wyndham Lewis, "had his daughters, I have my dictaphone." —EDWARD A. BLOOM.

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BUSINESS

The New Normalcy in Economics

"America's Needs and Resources," by J. Frederic Dewhurst and Associates *(Twentieth Century Fund. 1,148 pp. $10), is an analysis of the postwar American economy and of the prospects for it during the coming decade. Here it is reviewed by Emile Benoit-Smullyan of the economics department of the McGraw-Hill Publishing Co.*

By Emile Benoit-Smullyan

J. FREDERIC Dewhurst and his colleagues at the Twentieth Century Fund have written, in "America's Needs and Resources," the most detailed, comprehensive, and authoritative description of the American postwar economy so far produced, or likely to be. As a source and reference book it is invaluable and unrivaled. But it is a good deal more. Its discussion, for example, of the new technological revolution provides a fascinating insight into the most dynamic element in our culture, and illuminates the frightening pace at which synthetics, nucleonics, antibiotics, electronics, and other "technics" are remolding our lives.

Extremely valuable also are the careful estimates of our unfilled economic "needs," that is to say the extent to which we are failing to meet the material requirements for achieving minimum standards of health, decency, and civilized living for all our citizens. The most grievous deficiency, it turns out, is in health. As of 1960 it is estimated that personal spending on health will still be six billion dollars short, and government health programs two-and-a-half billion dollars short, of what would be required to provide medical care for our whole population up to sound standards of current practice. The gap in public expenditures on education is also around six billion dollars a year, and prospective deficiencies in low-rent housing, highways, social insurance and welfare, industrial plant and equipment, and clothing consumption are also large: of the order of two-and-a-half billion dollars a year each.

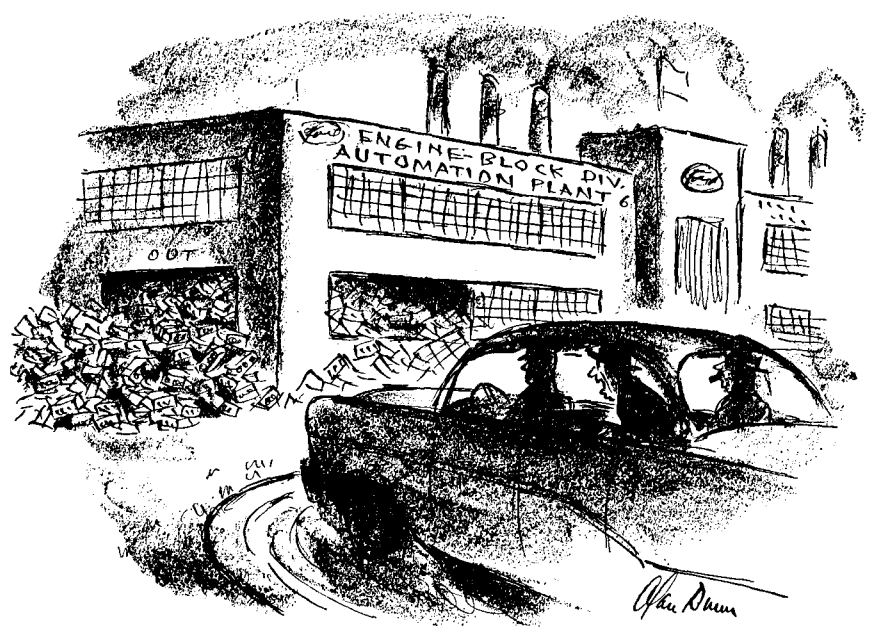
That government expenditures are not nearly large enough is perhaps the most arresting of the book's conclusions. The fact is that defense needs and the postwar rush to work off backlogs of demand in consumer durables and housing have led to a neglect of routine government expenditures.

It is only when the study turns to gauge the future that it is disappointing. It forecasts an increase in the nation's production for the second half of this decade of only about nine billion dollars a year, compared to the sixteen billion dollars a year achieved during 1950-1953. (These figures are after removing the effects of price increases.) Unemployment is projected at 50 per cent higher, and increases in productivity at 50 per cent lower, than averaged during the period 1947-1953. On these assumptions each of us can look forward over the next few years to about $3.50 a year of additional income—which seems a rather small mouse to be delivered from our mountain of new plant and equipment, and our brave new world of up-to-tomorrow technology.

This prospective slowdown is presented not as probably implying any economic mismanagement. Quite the contrary! It is presented quite complacently, as a highly satisfactory state of affairs. To be sure, the 1960 projections are set forth as forecasts rather than goals. The authors concede, moreover, that in the event of war we could and would step up production a lot faster. But it seems not to have occurred to them that such neat distinctions between war and peace may no longer be entirely relevant in the kind of world in which we unfortunately now live. (The study incidentally contains absolutely nothing about possible greatly increased needs for civil defense, decentralization, etc., or a large step-up in our foreign development programs in order to stem the advance of Communism in the underdeveloped areas.) And they clearly have little sympathy for the kind of compensatory-fiscal policy, which most of the younger economists believe could keep our economy running at full speed even without war.

THE underlying philosophy of this study (may we call it "the new normalcy"?) can perhaps be roughly paraphrased as follows (and I hope I do not caricature it): "The war is over, and we can now relax a bit. We need no longer strive so hard, and endeavor to get the last ounce of possible production out of our economy. We can well afford the waste of an extra million or so unemployed (beyond the two to two-and-a-half million dollars required for flexibility), if only *pour encourager les autres,* and as extra insurance against inflation. Even so, we are a lot better off than other nations, and can trust our economy to keep delivering more goods to us in the future—automatically—if only we let it alone."

Whether this kind of philosophy fully measures up to the challenge of the times, the reader will judge for himself. But, whatever the reader's philosophy, if he is interested in the facts of the contemporary economy at all he is likely to find this an indispensable book.



"Good God, I forgot to turn the factory off over the week-end!"

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Risk and Reward in the Market

"Wall Street: Men and Money," by Martin Mayer *(Harper. 274 pp. $3.50), is an account of the American money center today, viewed through its institutions and the people who work in them. Clifton H. Kreps, Jr., who reviews it here, is on the staff of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York.*

By Clifton H. Kreps, Jr.

WALL STREET has been much in the news this spring, through the good offices of Senator Fulbright. But the public attention given the Senator's investigation into the stock market situation only reflects an underlying public interest in Wall Street that has grown apace in the postwar period, as the bull market reached new highs.

This growth in public interest has two aspects: a pessimistic one, as more people have become more concerned about the possibility of a repetition of 1929; and an optimistic one, as more people have acquired a financial interest in the rising market. Both the optimists and the pessimists should find something to interest them in Martin Mayer's "Wall Street: Men and Money," which attempts with considerable success to give a contemporary account of Wall Street today, in terms of the men who *are* Wall Street, and the things they do and the institutions they serve or use or represent. Mr. Mayer did a similar study, with the same title but of much narrower compass, that appeared in *Esquire* in September 1952. That was a good job, but the present enlarged and expanded version is much better, and clearly shows the results of additional thought as well as additional leg work.

No contemporary account of Wall Street or any street can be given in a historical vacuum, of course, and the present state and condition of Wall Street are uniquely bound up with its history. Mr. Mayer knows this, and pays just enough attention to history to set the proper frame of reference. But his book is not a history of Wall Street, and historically-minded readers must be referred to John Kenneth Galbraith's "The Great Crash, 1929," which gives a stimulating and provocative account of that episode in Wall Street's past, and to Edward Dies's "Behind the Wall Street Curtain," which covers the period of the Twenties also, but starts earlier, with Wall Street's beginnings, and ends later, with a brief description of Wall Street's current condition.

In his contemporary account Mr. Mayer writes engagingly of Wall Street, the geographical place, but his major concern is with the people who work there, and especially with the strategically situated group of men who give the Street its character. These men represent diverse occupations—stock exchange officials, partners in brokerage firms, over-the-counter dealers, odd-lot brokers, investment bankers, lawyers, dealers in foreign securities—but they share certain common characteristics. They love their work and they do it well, and they have a fierce belief that their work is worthwhile and deserving of reward. Since their work is taking financial risks, or expediting the taking of these risks by others, and their rewards are those that come from taking such risks, their view of the value of their work might not find universal acceptance outside of Wall Street. But Mr. Mayer accepts it, and portrays both the men and their work sympathetically.

This reviewer accepts it, too, but he writes from a vantage point only three blocks north of Wall Street. Other readers who are not so close to the scene may have to be persuaded. Mr. Mayer works hard to persuade them, not merely through dialectical means, but primarily by presenting in very pleasant and interesting fashion a lot of down-to-earth factual information on the things Wall Street does, and how it does them, and why the doing of them is important. People in possession of this information can still be critical of some of the goings-on in Wall Street—Mr. Mayer is pretty critical of some of them himself—but they are bound to come away from reading "Wall Street: Men and Money" with a much better understanding of the Street and its activities, and with a greater appreciation of the Street's role as the nation's financial market place. In this sense, Mr. Mayer performs a real educational service for his readers. The Wall Street community as well owes him a debt of gratitude.

—*Scott Long in the* Minneapolis Tribune.

"Shades of 1929!"

Notes

PRIMER FOR COEXISTENCE: Introducing a new slant on the problem of union-management relations, the Committee of the National Planning Association has completed a study begun in 1946 under the promising title **"Causes of Industrial Peace under Collective Bargaining"** (Harper, $4.75), edited by Clinton S. Golden and Virginia D. Parker. Starting with a general definition, the committee sees industrial peace "as the product of the relationship between two organized groups—industrial management and organized labor—in which both coexist, with each retaining its institutional sovereignty, working together in reasonable harmony in a climate of mutual respect and confidence." The committee pared the field down to case studies of thirteen companies, including Crown-Zellerbach Corp., Libby-Owens-Ford Glass Co., Lockheed Aircraft Corp., Hickey-Freeman Co., and their respective unions. In all fairness, it must be pointed out that these companies enjoy a smooth production-flow and are not troubled by layoff cycles or assembly-line difficulties, all of which are at the root of most industrial strife. On the other hand, companies in a similarly advantageous position have not been able to achieve the same harmony. The differences are significant and worth attention because the stakes are high for all parties concerned. A company which operates efficiently can pass along greater benefits to its employes while low labor-turnover, low absenteeism, and high loyalty to management contribute to industrial efficiency. It is all part of the same circle. To keep it intact there must be real flexibility in the attitudes of all parties as demonstrated in the case studies here. One characteristic instance is Lock-

(*Continued on page* 46)

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—By D. J. Watkins-Pitchford, from "Tide's Ending" (Scribner's).

". . . spray-curled, like waves before the wind."

Fruits and Flowers on a Poet's Vine

"Selected Poems," by Roy Campbell *(Henry Regnery. 297 pp. $6.50), is a new collection of the work of a lyrist notable for his skill and vigor. It is reviewed below by Edith Sitwell, whose "Collected Poems" were published last year.*

By Edith Sitwell

THERE is at this moment a new disease rife in the criticism of poetry: a mousey fear of vigor, of splendor, which are regarded as in bad taste, like the wearing of diamond bracelets on a golf course. By critics afflicted by this necrosis Dr. Campbell will never be admired. (To my great amusement, I read in a recent book about modern poetry that one of the finest and most vigorous American poets is "on a small scale, of course: like all cultivated Americans, she is afraid of size." Actually, she is afraid of nothing. Nor are "cultivated Americans." Shades of Whitman!)

That great lyrical poet Roy Campbell must fall back on being admired not by such critics, but by such outcasts from the Muse as Dylan Thomas and myself.

Nietzsche wrote of Petronius that "he had the feet of a wind, the rush, the breath, the emancipating scorn of a wind, which makes everything healthy, by making everything run." This is equally true of Dr. Campbell.

Speed, fire, and power: these are the three spirits informing Dr. Campbell's poetry. Speed, as in these lines from "The Albatross," he says:

My speed had set the steel horizon sweeping
And razed the Indies like a field of flowers.

Power, as in the magnificent, strong poem "Horses on the Camargue," describing

A hundred snow horses unconfined,
The silver runaways of Neptune's car
Racing, spray-curled, like waves before the wind.
Sons of the Mistral, fleet
As him with whose strong gusts they love to flee,
Who shod the flying thunders on their feet
And plumed them with the snortings of the sea;
Theirs is no earthly breed
Who only haunt the verges of the earth
And only on the sea's salt herbage feed—
Surely the great white breakers gave them birth.
. . . . . .
With white tails smoking free,
Long streaming manes, and arching necks, they show
Their kinship of their sisters of the sea—
And forward hurl their thunderbolts of snow,
Still out of hardship bred,
Spirits of power and beauty and delight
Have ever on such frugal pastures fed
And loved to course with tempests through the night.

IF "To a Pet Cobra" is not a great, yet terrible poem then I do not know one when I see it. It is truly magnificent. But it is too long to quote in its entirety, and is so interwoven, so cohered, that no quotation could give the tragic splendor of that movement, like that of the Cobra (the "suave and silent sphinx"), the

Dainty one, deadly one, whose folds are panthered
With stars, my slender Kalihari flower,
Whose lips with fangs are delicately anthered,
Whose coils are volted with electric power—
. . . . . .

bound to its friend the man by a common loneliness.

The technique and imagery of the poems have great variety, from the strong beauty of "Horses on the Camargue" to the exquisite, cool, yet vital imagery of these lines from "The Palm," whose sound seems actually to reproduce that of the air fanning the leaves:

Each atom of gold is the chance of a fruit,
The sap is the music, the stem is the flute,
And the leaves are the wings of the seraph I shape
Who dances, who springs in a golden landscape,
Out of the dust and the drought of the plain
To sing with the silver hosannas of rain.

—and to the ineffable water-lapping beauty of sound of the translation from St. John of the Cross, "En Una Noche Oscura."

Dr. Campbell writes mainly in rhymed verse, of an extreme and lovely skill. "The rhyme and uniformity of perfect poems," said Whitman, "show the free growth of metrical laws, and bud from them as unerringly and loosely as lilacs or roses on a bush, and take shapes as compact as the shapes of chestnuts and oranges and melons and pears, and shed the perfume palpable to form."

That perfume palpable to form arises from Dr. Campbell's poems. Their fulfilled purpose is delight.

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New "Humours" from a Neat Wit

"The Reckless Spenders," by Walker Gibson *(Indiana University Press. 79 pp. $2.75), is a new collection by a member of that vanishing breed the light-versifiers.*

By Gerard Previn Meyer

ON a recent happy occasion it fell to this reviewer's lot to celebrate, in Phyllis McGinley's latest collection, the survival of a genre which, with a few blessed exceptions, has almost disappeared from print—yet, in these bitter midcentury years, would appear all the more necessary—to wit . . . well, *wit* in poetry or, as the disparaging term puts it, "light verse." I suggested at that time, probably too easily, that a basic reason for the all but complete disappearance of light verse was the shortage of showcases: with newspaper columns all but gone, *The New Yorker* nearly alone might display the talents of a McGinley, a Nash—I might have added, a Walker Gibson, who is also a *New Yorker* light-versifier.

Since then, in these columns, Louis Untermeyer has pointed out an obvious gap in my explanation: the fact that, with the tendency in recent years for the dividing line between "light" verse and "serious" verse to blur, such poets as Auden, for one, have preserved the virtues of the former in the latter, like flies in amber as it were (I have a feeling that is not *too* happy a reference, but let it stand). Casting further back—the vogue of the metaphysical poets some twenty years ago did seem to promise that the blend of wit and emotion John Donne exemplified was on the way to becoming our latter-day norm; a more integrated medium seemed just ahead.

In those more innocent days, however, John Crowe Ransom and Allen Tate, among others, were placing their talents at the service of wit in poetry, rather than weight in criticism. Since the Thirties, however, with so many good Neo-Metaphysicals transmuted into New Critics, the light touch has tended to disappear not only from critical prose, but also and especially from poetry: the Better Blend has been sidetracked by considerations of form. The new flowering of the seventeenth century has all but withered.

And the eighteenth century, when emphasis on form went hand-in-hand with the rise of avowedly urbane *vers de société*, is with us once more; at least Walker Gibson's taste for satire, as shown in his new volume, "The Reckless Spenders," is avowedly inspired by the wicked couplets of Alexander Pope. However, since "the little monster from Twick'nham," it is well known, more often than not put bite into his bark, it must be added quickly that there is considerably more tolerance towards the foibles of humankind in his twentieth-century devotee. Still, some of the occasions here commemorated are grimward, all is not glad that glitters; sometimes the rapier sinks deep, down to the lilt. In "David," for example—a neat little poem expressing the child-view—this is the chilling final stanza:

This is no simple world. To him
Man is machine, machine is man,
And the corpse talks, the lilies swim.
Of course, we tell him what we can.

Note the devastation wrought by that last line, which implies so much in its seeming-casual monosyllables. Among other things, Mr. Gibson is saying that adults who are entrusted with the "bringing-up" of children really know very little more than their children do: that, perhaps, what they do know isn't as true as what children instinctively know, but eventually are taught to forget. It's not a new thought, but it's never been put more neatly. (Isn't that the essence of "light verse"?)

Mr. Gibson's talent for the colloquial, which he calls upon very often at just the right moment, is exceptional. In "Heat Wave," for example, after the far-from-lightweight lines,

How wildly in that haphazard sky
Those continental masses flow,

he summons up the conversational tone, with

Under their weight we like to die.

THE conversational tone frequently has a regional flavor, which deepens its character; being a New Englander, by adoption at least, Mr. Gibson is not too far at times, both geographically and spiritually, from that *doyen* of poetic New Englanders, Robert Frost. (Take the last two lines of "Power Lines" (a double meaning?):

The world inclines so towards the round
It's hard to keep things going straight.

In their speaking tone, their concision, their sudden hint of ironic meaning these lines are so close to Frost it's not even funny.

To tell the whole truth, even such light verse as may be found in "The Reckless Spenders" (despite the frivolous suggestions of the titles—"Shave," "Housecleaning," "Supermarket," "Bathtubs," "Movies," "Umpire," "Summer Stock," "Love Among the Cadillacs," and the like)—even this is not "funny." We shall, it may be, have to get rid of the term "humorous poetry" as obsolete—unless we are prepared to return to the medieval concept of the "humours" (sanguine, choleric, phlegmatic, melancholic). In this sense the poetry in "The Reckless Spenders" qualifies; for, as does most good "light verse" today, it travels through all bands of the emotional spectrum.

Mortal

By Frances Frost

I WEAR my bones
inside my flesh;
inside my ribs, my heart;
inside my skull, the
disciplined mind.
And blasting them apart,

the spirit like quicksilver runs
with wild and starry shout,
bombing my blood with
airy suns,
crying, "Let me out!"

Notes

COLUMBUS IN VERSE: "Make New Banners" (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.75), Susanna Valentine Mitchell's narrative in verse of the days and deeds of Christopher Columbus, is an ambitious and an impressive piece of work, both for its high artistic level and for its scholarly treatment of the immense theme. The background of the book is such an era of discovery and conquest as the world can hardly know again, and it is peopled with dramatic and colorful figures who in addition to their historical significance

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have here put on through the author's skill the immediacy and the vividness of human personality.

The facts are familiar; Miss Mitchell, in her retelling, has given them an additional emphasis and meaning. And through her story runs the theme of the tremendous moral issues involved, issues which, denied, distorted, overwhelmed as they have been at times, still have the final word —that if we would have liberty we must have charity; that it is through the denial of individual human dignity and moral freedom that men and nations fall.

As to the book's form, blank verse with lyrical interludes, I must confess that despite my admiration for its author's ability "Make New Banners" does not persuade me from my feeling that novels in verse labor under the almost unsurmountable difficulty of being neither one thing nor the other, of having neither the sturdy sandals of prose nor the wings of poetry. Only occasionally can such a book, as, notably, Stephen Vincent Benét's "John Brown's Body," combine the swift narrative pace of the novel with the emotional intensity of the lyric. Nevertheless, Miss Mitchell has done an admirable job.

—Sara Henderson Hay.

DISCIPLINED FANTASISTS: Elder Olson's **"The Scarecrow Christ"** (Noonday Press, $3) cuts beneath surface sanctimony and soft responses; the author is not only acutely penetrating but painfully revealing. His is not an evenly balanced volume by any means. The first two sections are obviously early experiments—"Thing of Sorrow," a volume from which the poems in the first part are taken, appeared as early as 1934. But the third section is full of unusual concepts matched by appropriately powerful images. It is a highly personal idiom which Mr. Olson employs, alternately melodious, colloquially casual, and darkly menacing. Such poems as "The Mirror Men," "Childe Roland, Etc.," "Able, Baker, Charlie, et al.," "Ice-Age" and "The Four Black Bogmen" (one of the most calmly horrifying of modern ballads) combine the macabre and the melodramatic. "Plot Improbable, Character Unsympathetic" pushes the grotesque narrative to the pitch of madness. On the other hand "The Fountain," "The Midnight Meditation," and "Winter Nightfall," to name three of the most completely integrated, are grave, quiet, and moving documents. Elder Olson may not be one of the most important poets of the day, but he is one of the more disciplined and distinctive fantasists.

—Louis Untermeyer.

RUSSIA

A Nation's Essence in Blueprint

***"The Moscow Kremlin," by Arthur Voyce** (University of California Press. 147 pp. 111 plates. $10), is an analysis of the history, architecture, and art treasures of a group of buildings that epitomize the spirit of Russia. Here it is reviewed by Sibyl Moholy-Nagy, of Pratt Institute architecture department.*

By Sibyl Moholy-Nagy

"INSIDE Russia" books have become a standard fixture of the literary scene. We have been served the opinions of diplomats, journalists, paint manufacturers, and housewives. But no one, except Arthur Voyce, had the idea to do the obvious: examine the architectural evidence of Russia as an exposition of her past. In 1948 Professor Voyce published a history of Russian architecture which still is the best American source on the subject. Now, in "The Moscow Kremlin: Its History, Architecture, and Art Treasures," he puts under the magnifying glass of analytical study a group of buildings that "is to Russia what the Acropolis was to Athens and the Capitolinum to Rome." It was within an area of sixty-five and one-half acres on an island, formed by the rivers Moskva and Neglinnaia, that the Russian state was born in the middle of the sixteenth century, when Ivan the Terrible assumed the title of Czar of All Russians.

The history of Russia was written in three architectural chapters: the "wooden Kremlin," founded after the ancient southern capital of Kiev had been abandoned to the Mongols in the thirteenth century; the "Italian Kremlin" of the Renaissance; and the "modern Kremlin" started by Catherine the Great in the eighteenth century. The first period is identified with the crafty princes of Muscovy, who submitted to the external rule of the Tatar invaders while consolidating their internal power over adjoining principalities. In 1367 they built the first stone wall around the Kremlin, symbolizing and enforcing through it the new principle of centralized government. The only building from that early period still standing today is the Church of the Savior in the Forest from 1330, a small frugal brick-and-stucco cube with primitive onion cupola and characteristically medieval fenestration.

The second or Italian period of the Kremlin starts with the death of Tamerlane in 1405 and the final expulsion of the Golden Horde. Ivan III embarked on a rampage of territorial acquisition, successful enough to allow him a marriage with the daughter of the last Byzantine Emperor. In 1474 he sent a mission to Venice to hire architects and engineers, and in 1478 the architect Fieravanti from Bologna built the Cathedral of the Assumption. The central dome, carried on four heavy piers, and the overall decoration of the interior, are typical Venetian Byzantine; the recessed arches of the single entrance and the external arcading between pier buttresses are Lombard, and the undulating tent roof below five gilded onion cupolas are pure Orient. For fifty years walls with Scaliger battlements, towers with machicolated bastions and slender minaret spires, palaces—half *Bramante* and half *Seraglio*, part *Pitti* and part Fontainebleau—sprang up in the old Kremlin enclosure. Interiors were groined and ribbed over low piers, like Assisi, or barrel-vaulted and stiffened with iron tie rods like the Alhambra, and every inch of wall surface was covered with gold stucco and frescoes in barbaric splendor. When not in a sadistic delirium, Ivan

Lost Country

By Oliver Jenkins

IT IS always luminous summer there.
Light fills the streets. The cobbles gleam.
The days turn in a golden stream.

A scent of sweetgrass stripes the air.
A shower of song falls from a tree.
The sky's blue runs into the sea.

Morning glints from roof and gable.
Flowers and flags bloom everywhere.
And a band plays in a green square . . .

But it is only a retouched dream,
(Even though marked on map and timetable),
A faraway place in a private fable.

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the Terrible contemplated marrying Elizabeth of England "to provide for himself an asylum in England if his dynasty fell," and introduced Western learning and literature. He also created a highly prolific center of Russian artisanship in the workshops for jewelry, armor, weaving, pottery, and furniture, established in the Oruzhnichia Palace.

FOR seventy-five years, while Peter the Great and his successors "opened a window to the West" in St. Petersburg and continued the territorial expansion, so successfully started by the Ivans, Moscow declined. Then Catherine II, shrewdly playing on Russian national sentiment to overcome her own handicap as a foreigner, revived the ancient glory of the Kremlin. She erected the severely classical Senate building with an imitation Pantheon dedicated to Russian heroes as central figures. The nineteenth century, true to form, added the fake Renaissance-fake Russian Grand Kremlin Palace, impressive only by its enormous size of more than half a million square feet and the vulgar lavishness of its materials.

This genesis of Kremlin buildings, presented in excellent illustrations and brief descriptions, would be no more than a brief discourse in Eclecticism, no different from what took place in Spain, Scandinavia, or Austria during the same centuries. The significance lies in the author's laconic report of historical facts that created these buildings. The most obvious one is the dictatorial and arbitrary character of the Moscovite Government from its very beginning. Ivan III, "the great gatherer of Russian land," was not only a ruthless destroyer of rival princedoms, he anticipated Henry VIII by declaring the Russian church independent of the Greek orthodox patriarch in 1446. After the fall of Constantinople the monks of Pskov Monastery were ordered to concoct an imperial genealogy, showing the descent of the Rurik dynasty from Caesar Augustus through his brother Prus, who was sent to the river Vistula to found a new Rome. Ivan the Terrible needed divine sanction for the regime of terror, instituted by the Oprichina, a secret government council. He summoned all painters of icons, or religious images, to the Kremlin where they underwent indoctrination in the propaganda uses of their art. The Iconostasis, or reredo, in the Uspenskii cathedral "illustrates two basic themes: Church and State. The religious theme stresses the idea of the Universal Church; while the State theme dwells on the importance of the unification of all Russian states under Moscow."

A chronicler of the seventeenth century observes that in the famous illuminated manuscripts, produced in the monasteries, "Russian czars, princes, and patriarchs are painted in a somewhat stilted and dry manner, with sameness and lack of realism, as though the artist was afraid of his subject, fearful that he might offend and so incur the disfavor of the great personage by painting a human being" and Nicholas I, builder of the Grand Kremlin Palace, wanted to express in this vast project the official formula of "Orthodoxy, Authority, and Nationalism."

Adjoining the Kremlin lies the Red Square, justly incorporated in this volume as part of the Kremlin's history. It will come as a shock to linguistic symbolists that its name is based on a semantic peculiarity of the Russian language. The word "krasnoe" means the color red but also beautiful and goodly. On this square justice was dispensed by the czars; offenders were "hanged, broken on the wheel, impaled, beaten to death, buried alive, burnt in iron cages, or choked with molten lead." And here stand the two most characteristic monuments of ancient and modern Russia: the Church of St. Basil's and Lenin's tomb. St. Basil, built in 1555, was an attempt to abandon Byzantine-Italian influences and return to indigenous wood construction and decoration.

The Lenin Mausoleum, erected in 1930 by Shchusev, "is restraint in design, the general silhouette being suggestive of an ancient burial mound of a tribal chief." These are a few of the historical facts, presented by Voyce without commentary. The West, this history of the Kremlin seems to indicate, is fighting as a "new doctrine" a form of state dictatorship and territorial expansion as old as the wooden stockade buried under the circling wall of the Kremlin. The "world conspiracy," symbolized by the Red Square, the ancient fortress, and the new Mausoleum, emerges rather as its exact opposite; a tribal stratocracy, avid and able to absorb foreign values and to adulterate them for home consumption. "Architecture," it has been said long ago, "is the visual conscience of a people."

Within the Vortex

"The Russian Revolution," by N. N. Sukhanov *(translated by Joel Carmichael. Oxford University Press. 668 pp. $10), is the first English translation of an important account of the 1917 cataclysm by a man who played an important part in it. Our reviewer, Max Eastman, is the author of "Marx and Lenin, The Science of Revolution."*

By Max Eastman

N. N. SUKHANOV'S "The Russian Revolution" is a fascinating and informing book which should have been translated into English long ago. I have read it, or large parts of it, three different times: once in Moscow in 1923-1924 when it was first published and I was learning Russian; again in the early Thirties in New York when I was making the film-history "Czar to Lenin"; and now once more in Joel Carmichael's just-published translation. The translation is superlatively good, and Mr. Carmichael has abridged, annotated, and introduced the book with expert judgment and understanding.

It is, by the way, an interesting refutation of those who try to believe that "things were just as bad" under Lenin and Trotsky as under Stalin that this book was selling freely and popularly when I left Russia in 1924. For Sukhanov calls Lenin a dictator and anarchist, scoffs at Trotsky's high-handedness, and describes Stalin as "a sort of gray blur, dimly looming up now and then and not leaving any trace." It never occurred to the author, or to anybody in those days, that remaining a gray blur might be an essential talent in one destined to drive through all plans, parleys, institutions, and ideologies toward personal power.

Sukhanov was a dominant influence in the Workers and Soldiers Soviet of Petrograd before Lenin, Trotsky, Martov, and the other big leaders arrived. "In that first period," says Trotsky, who quotes him frequently in his "History of the Russian Revolution," "the inspirer of the Executive Committee was not its president,

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Cheidze, an honest and limited provincial, but his very man, Sukhanov."

According to Trotsky he was a gifted observer, absorbed in the theory of what was to be done, but helpless when it came to doing it. And Sukhanov, whose personal candor and keen perception of character is one of the charms of this book, says essentially the same thing about himself. There is nothing in literature quite like his description of himself wandering around in the first two days of the revolution, feeling miserable because the great moment had come and he couldn't think up anything to do. Later on, when he found his place in the "Ex. Com." of the Soviet, he quotes "Papa" Cheidze as saying "with a spiteful sidelong glance at me: 'We have some comrades here who don't do any work, but just come here to play politics'."

HE did some very important things, however, making decisions offhand over the telephone that in normal times nobody but the head of a state would dare to make. He did enough, at least, to place him in the very center of the whirlpool constituted by the conflicting authorities of the duma, or old Czarist parliament, in the right wing of the Tauride Palace, and the newly and almost miraculously assembled Soviet of Workers and Soldiers Deputies in the left. From that position he was able to observe and describe the first and most exciting period of the revolution with intimate knowledge as well as vivid perceptions. And even up to the seizure of power by the Bolsheviks in October, where the book ends, his access to important information was exceptional.

His state of mind, too, was such as to make possible a certain degree of historical perspective. Though so given to political cerebration, he was not a member of any party. He was half-Narodnik and half-Marxist—half literary man, too, if I may make so crazy a classification, a friend of Maxim Gorky and on the staff of his paper, *Novaia Zhisn*. This enabled him to observe and describe events and persons in freedom from programmatic bias. He saw things happen and tells how they looked, a thing that *partini* people, especially Marxists with their doctrinaire reticence about "the personal factor in history" have difficulty in doing.

One closes this book with a feeling of friendly admiration for the author, and of profound gratitude to Mr. Carmichael for performing a task so well chosen with so much skill, penetration, and patience.

—*From "The Cathedral of St. Sophia in Kiev."*

". . . the deep, instinctive sense of architecture."

Russia as Europe's Child

"The Art and Architecture of Russia," by George Heard Hamilton *(Penguin Books. 320 pp. 180 plates. $8.50), surveys the artistic riches accumulated over the last thousand years. It is reviewed here by Arthur Voyce, author of "Russian Architecture: Trends in Nationalism and Modernism" and "The Moscow Kremlin: Its History, Architecture, and Art Treasures."*

By Arthur Voyce

RUSSIA's architecture, painting, and sculpture, though accorded much less attention than the other manifestations of her cultural life, have long been the subject of heated discussion in which sides are taken on esthetic, national, and traditional grounds. There are those who scoff at the very idea of such a thing as an original Russian art; there are others who patronizingly admit that some of the extant works are worthy of study; some are repelled and others are attracted by much that is characteristic in Russian national art—the qualities of intensity, romanticism, and picturesqueness. It is only within the last several decades that there have appeared a number of art historians who are beginning to discern the real qualities of Russian art: the deep, instinctive sense of architecture as demonstrated in the ancient wood and masonry churches, and in the ensembles of the fortified monasteries and kremlins; above all, there is the steadily growing admiration for Russian painting, especially the icon, from which the easel picture arose and modern painting has developed.

The Russians themselves have done, and are doing, much serious work in the field of their art history, and in the last few years they have published many volumes of great erudition. But the English literature on the subject is woefully scanty. There are precious few among our scholars who have had the opportunity to study the Russian art monuments first hand. Even granted that opportunity, the task of research remains still very formidable because of the comparative inaccessibility of relevant historical information mostly buried in the voluminous Slavonic chronicles and numerous publications of the Russian learned societies.

As a result, the few English books and monographs on Russian art that have appeared during the last several decades have been meager in scope, and only too frequently uninformative, and loaded with inaccuracies and superficialities. As a happy exception one might cite the works of E. H. Minns, D. T. Rice, D. R. Buxton, and S. H. Cross—the first scholarly, if very limited, studies in English of icon painting and ecclesiastical architecture.

GEORGE HEARD HAMILTON'S "The Art and Architecture of Russia" opens new vistas and widens our horizon by bringing to light the artistic riches of Russia accumulated over the

(*Continued on page* 43)

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Pigeons on the *Place*, Alas

Venice.

EUROPE has been taken over by the pigeons; in every marketplace, before the *hôtels-de-villes*, the cathedrals, and the monasteries, there is an agitated flutter. Not since the German occupation of the early Forties have any single group so insinuated themselves into every facet of Continental life. They are, of course, of two kinds—the "Haves," who are symbolically represented by the dove standing upon a pile of stones in the personal coat-of-arms of Pope Pius XII, and the "Have nots," for whom Picasso's *pigeon qui fait boum* has become the acknowledged standard. The dovecotes and the *piazze* are torn asunder between Catholic and Communist ideologies. Meanwhile between the serried ranks of spitfires and dive-bombers of both camps the uncommitted squabs are constantly on the alert trying to find a middle feeding ground in which to coo and waddle and grow fat. Since peace at any price has become the target for tonight as well as for every other night, the pigeons are becoming more and more impervious to the blandishments of their fine feathered friends from overseas. They have, they say, seen the Austro-Hungarian eagle lose both its heads, and the eagles of Rome, Germany, and Russia suffer similar eclipse. The Bear, so to speak, is over the mountain, and the Lion and the Unicorn, like the lambs of ancient fable, are lying down together. Only the Bald-Headed Eagle continues to scream its head off, needlessly reminding each and every one of them of their debts of gratitude for the wealth of money and of arms which it has kindly placed at their disposal.

Exhausted by a decade of privation and hard labor in the reconstruction following the devastations of the war, the pigeons on the *place*, alas, are finding refuge in the chauvinism of their subconscious. At no time since the Grand Siècle of Louis XIV have they been more sure of the superiority of their own intellects. The monuments that prove it are still there, God knows why, to give them shelter from the outer world; for, to be sure, the Palladian cornices of literature are as concealing as those of architecture or Baroque painting. Momentarily they feel secure in adopting towards Russia and the United States a philosophy of "pox on both your houses," and are grasping, without thought to political implications, at any straw which will help them rebuild their nests after their ancient and honorable fashions. But culture, humanistic culture that is, is something for which—and not without a certain sense of justice—they feel they hold the copyright. While they are generous enough in regard to licensing it to the more recent arrivals in points West, they will jealously protect it from deliberate infringement.

HEREIN lies the error of those who speak of Europe's burning interest in the creative arts in America. The European will concede us our skyscrapers, our washing machines, and our automobiles just as he will allow the progress of the atomic age to be the province of the men from Mars. But he will not permit us to take away from him the one asset with which 5,000 years of longer living have endowed him. He is scarred and hurt and weary and if we really wish to win the pigeon to our side of the *place* we must feed him, culturally speaking, something that is not strictly corn. We must also be generous enough to recognize the fact that, having stripped him of his political and economic *amour propre*, it is only natural for him to exploit his spiritual properties at our expense.

This was, of course, the lesson of Paris and the American exhibitions held there this spring. "Masterpieces of Impressionism—David to Toulouse-Lautrec" received the universal acclamation it deserved; for it was a first-class show of pictures by French artists owned in America. They were, moreover for the greater part, pictures which the present generation of Frenchmen had never seen. And while there may have been some wry traces of malevolent envy in the press intermingled with the usual snide comments of the world of art, on the whole the response was genuine and without reserve. Nearly all of the 300,000 people who so far have thronged the Orangerie left the exhibition with the realization that this group of pictures could not have been acquired with money alone, but that it was also a tribute to American taste and connoisseurship.

On the other hand, "Fifty Years of Art in the United States" at the Musée National d'Art Moderne received in turn the reservations to which it was quite properly subject at the very start. These reservations were neither chauvinistic nor ill-natured; they were bred from critical candor and experience. Great interest was expressed in the architectural section, curiosity and utter disdain for the galleries devoted to industrial design—for the French are as suspicious as most Americans of the five-dollar words in the new esthetic of the egg-beater and the coffee-mill. The paintings were frankly controversial and were so regarded. No one believed that they represented American art as a whole, and, while enormous interest was evident in what one critic described over the dinner-table as *la poésie de l'angoisse américaine*, the exhibition would have been better understood had it been styled for what it really was, "A Selection of American Paintings from the Collection of the Museum of Modern Art." In music and the theatre the critics spoke their minds freely and often generously, taking the issues one by one on their merits but giving precious little lip service to the official aroma of the "Salute to France" [*SR* June 11].

The American contribution to the exhibitions of Europe this spring and early summer was, however, but a

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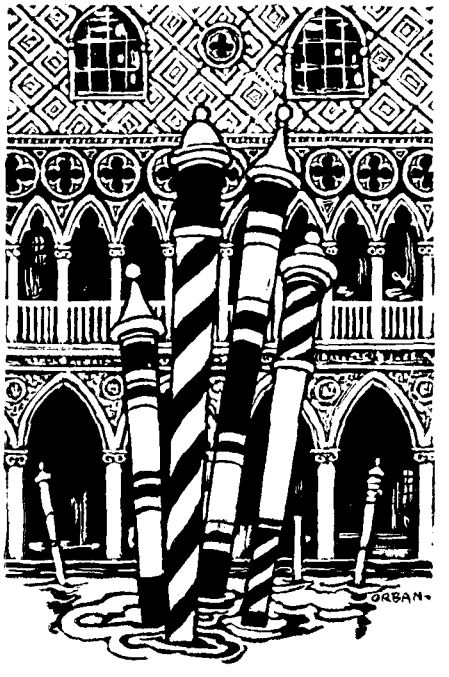
drop in the bucket. Each country put its best foot forward as if to show the world as well as its own people that more was yet to come. In Ghent the greatness of the history of the Low Countries unfolded itself in the "Life and Times of the Emperor Charles V," an exhibition which is closing shortly but which will live on in the pages of its catalogue, an indispensable tool for the student of European history. Italy took top honors, starting with the first art exhibition to be held in the Vatican since the time of the Medici Pope Leo X. Late in April His Holiness Pius XII inaugurated the "Five Hundredth Anniversary Exhibition Commemorating the Death of Fra Angelico." Five of the great apartments immediately adjacent to the private chapel which the humble Dominican had decorated for Nicolas V were hung with velvet to receive what could readily be transported of the artist's uncontested works. The chapel itself, admirably restored and cleaned under the direction of Diclecio Redig de Campos, is now opened again to the public for the first time in many years. After a sojourn of several weeks in Rome the exhibition will be removed to Florence for the summer, where it will be seen anew in the Convent of San Marco against the background of Fra Angelico's imperishable frescoes. What is politically significant is the fact that this exhibition organized under the high patronage of the Pope and the President of Italy augurs well for happier relations between the Government and the Holy See.

JUNE will usher in among many other exhibitions a show of cataclysmic proportions. The Municipality of Venice has gathered together in the Doges' Palace the "Giorgiones and the Giorgioneschi." Already the stilettos are being loosened in their scabbards and the fonts filled with Jordan water for the christening parties. One may expect Fifty-seventh Street next winter to be peopled with new names, but we hope with older faces, rescued from the flotsam and jetsam of the Grand Canal. Who knows but that this rarest of the Venetian colorists, Giorgione, whose known works a quarter-century ago stood at less than a dozen, may not yet prove to be as elastic as poor Vermeer?

International exhibitions have become something more than a modern fashion. They have indeed become the number one problem for museum officials and the Ministries of Fine Arts. The public is demanding them more and more and the foreign offices are quick to sense the political overtones They are, together with radio and television, being offered as the panacea for all our ills. For they have proven time and again to be foyers in which the most vexing conflicts could be resolved in pleasant and sometimes deceptive surroundings. How far reaching is the belief in the political efficacy of art may be judged from the astonishing announcement of an exhibition to take place presently in Moscow of the masterpieces of the Dresden Gallery of whose survival the Western world has so long despaired. Taken from Saxony in 1945 on flatcars which were thought to have been ambushed by Polish patriots, it was assumed in the most reliable circles that the works of art had been destroyed by fire. Today the directors of the European galleries are packing their valises to journey into the unknown. What the outcome of this new maneuver may mean, particularly if, as the Russian announcement has stated, they will return the pictures to Eastern Germany, it is difficult to foresee.

But postwar activity in the arts has not been confined to this particular type of exhibitionism. It has been far more fundamental. There has been reawakened a new sense of moral responsibility for the monuments and works of art themselves. The custodians acknowledge that what they have in their care belongs not to any single people but to the people of the whole world. That is the thought behind the splendid work of UNESCO's International Committee on Museums (ICOM) which met a year ago last January in New York at the Metropolitan. The reconstruction of churches and museums, the rebuilding of palaces and villas, in fact the recreation of whole communities



destroyed by bombing and gunfire has gone on without interruption for ten years. The bravery, the self-abnegation, and the personal privations of those in charge have created a new and brilliant chapter in the history of stewardship. It is too long a story to be dealt with here. Suffice it to say that throughout Europe the conviction has been deepening that civilization can survive only through its monuments and that we are now hearing the last call to common sense. More than twenty-three hours have elapsed and it is already just a few minutes before midnight.

THIS is what the pigeons are saying to one another in the *piazze*. Their sibillant murmurings and their apparent insouciance reflect in miniature the problems of the world in which we live: fear of the future, fear of war and the certain knowledge that no thing of beauty will survive the next, pride in the accomplishment of past centuries, and the anxiety that the new barbarians of the East and West will respect nothing of the cultural accumulation which is their greatest hope for posterity.

America in her cultural relations should be, we hope, rich enough and strong enough to cooperate yet not compete; to admit with easy grace her poverty and her weakness in the creative arts. Are we so crass that we must demand of a Europe to whom we have left nothing but her pride a complete capitulation of the heart and mind? Can we not allow her the luxury of basking in the sunset of her own great past without insisting upon the equality of genius at this precise moment of our history? American art, like American architecture and American letters, is filled with the promise, the vigor, and the impatience of extreme youth. There are present today in the United States the same factors of wealth and ease of living which five centuries ago produced in the aftermath of the Hundred Years War the Renaissance of Italy. Much that we produce today will undoubtedly live forever and be the pride of generations yet unborn. But it makes little or no difference to us if acceptance from abroad is delayed until a happier day when the skies of politics seem clearer. If Europe fails to recognize our talents where talents truly may exist she will be the loser, not we. But no amount of supersalesmanship will accelerate the process. We are a great nation but not a tactful one, and we have yet to learn that an ounce of humility will attract more pigeons on the *place*, alas, than the bushels of corn that we are scattering so recklessly.—F. H. T.

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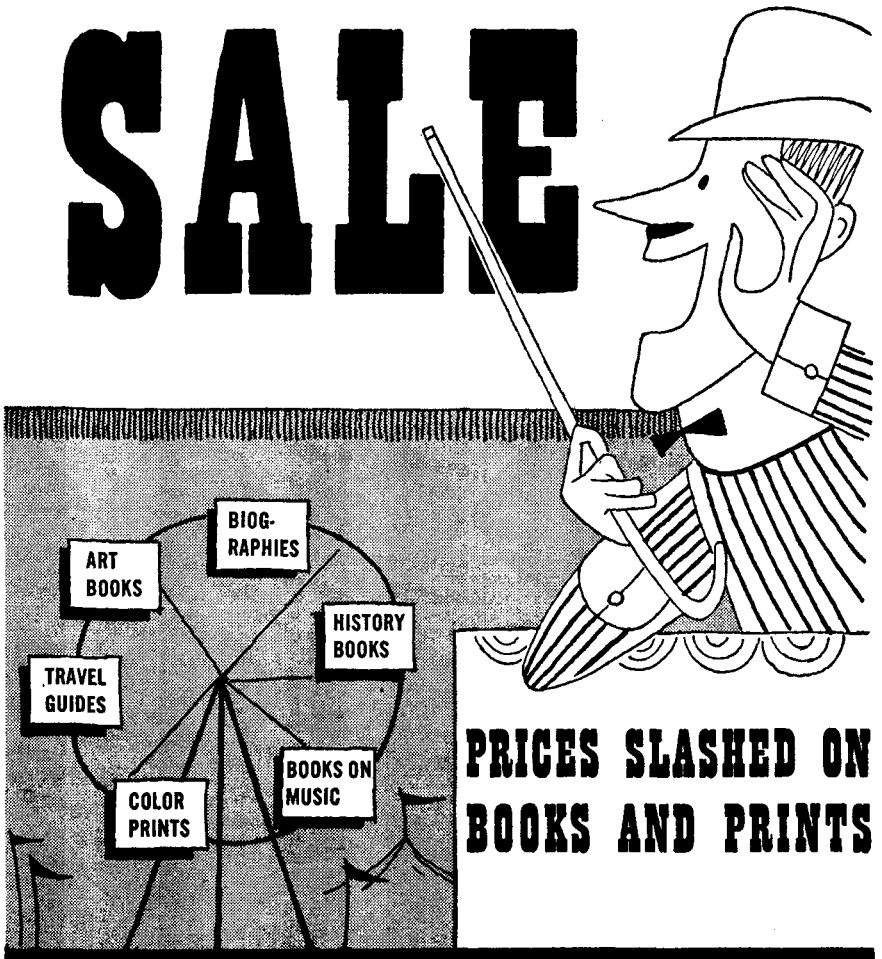

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CLARIFIED THINKING

MY HEARTFELT THANKS to you and to Dr. E. R. Goodenough for his fine article "Our Faith and Doctor Freud" [*SR* May 14]. I am precisely one of the people he hoped to reach in writing it, and it certainly clarified my confused thinking and eased the load of guilt I've felt for some time over my inability to believe in the traditional religious concepts.

MARGARET VAN AKEN.

New York, N.Y.

WHO IS THERE FIRST

IN THE EDITOR'S NOTE preceding Robert S. Richardson's article "The Day After We Land on Mars" [*SR* May 28] *SR* spoke of the Soviet Union's interest in a space-station and went on to say "that it is imperative for the Free World to be ahead of the Slave World" in getting to our sister-planet.

More important than who gets into space first, it seems to me, is that the people on one side of the divided world, at least, learn to think and speak of themselves in less self-righteous terms and of those on the other side in less derogatory terms. It was Jesus who said. "First get the beam out of your own eye, and then you can see to get the speck out of your brother's eye." Unless somebody on this earth can put into practice this idea relatively soon it will not make a tinker's damn who gets to Mars first.

JOHN B. ISOM.

Wichita, Kans.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SPACE

LET ME THANK YOU for the article "The Day After We Land on Mars." It is indeed satisfying—at least to an amateur astronomer and idealistic individual such as myself—to see a publication with the integrity of *SR* place such prominence on an article of this nature. Of course, I am in complete accord with your editorial commentary wherein you stress the significance of space travel. Too many people today are still not cognizant of the effect interplanetary flight may play upon our future. Many persons still deem all of this as highly fantastic. I contend that your article will help widen the gap of such insular, limited thinking.

IAN T. MACAULEY.

Atlanta, Ga.

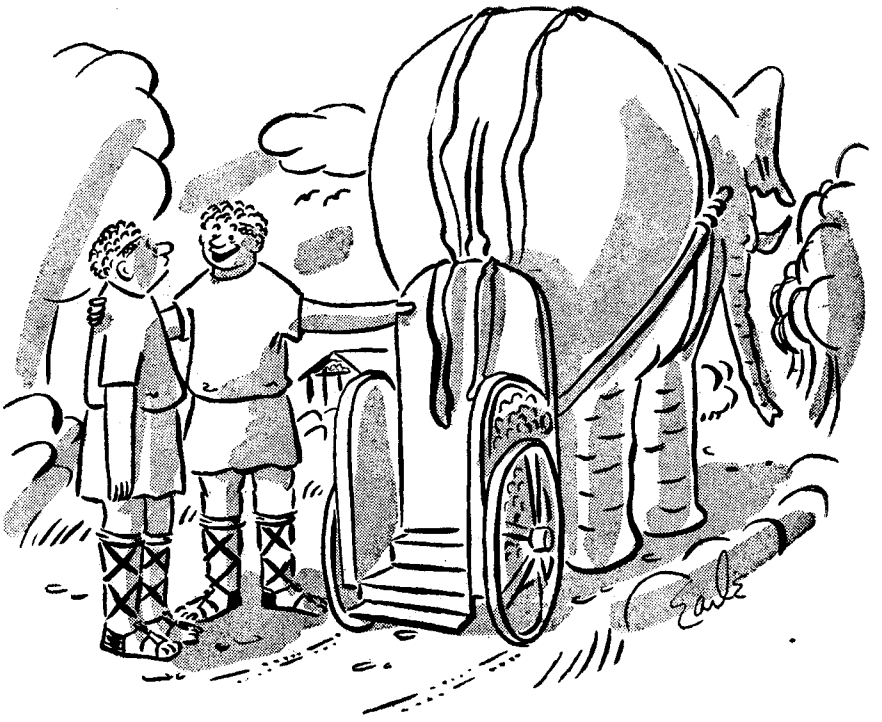
LIFE ON MARS

I QUESTION the logic in Richardson's assumption that, because of the absence of oxygen on Mars, no animal life could possibly exist there. It reminds me of something that Voltaire once said about the farsightedness of the Creator in providing us with noses so that we could wear glasses.

On the earth oxygen abounds everywhere from the depth of the ocean to the highest mountain peak. How, then, are we to know what forms of life could or could not have developed if our atmosphere had been of a different composition? On this planet all plant life is dependent upon an abundance of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere. Does the existence of vegetation on Mars (if it does exist) prove that this same gas must be prevalent there? Or is it possible that life on Mars adapts itself to it's environment just as it does here?

WILBUR J. DOWD.

Hartford, Conn.



"How'd ja like to take a ride in my new horseless carriage?"

DECLINE IN FAMILY IDENTIFICATION

JOHN STEINBECK finds it strange that a man is punished for damage done by his dog but not for the criminal depradations of his son ["Some Thoughts on Juvenile Delinquency," *SR* May 28]. The assumption, of course, is that the son has free will and the dog does not. Aside from this, however, I am disturbed by Steinbeck's proposal that we return to the medieval concept of group or family responsibility.

In the first place it is not true, as he suggests, that this practice has been entirely forgotten. The Nazis incorporated the basic idea in their hostage system utilized in Czechoslovakia, Norway, and elsewhere. Lidice was the logical conclusion to this type of reasoning. But why assume that punishment of the family will deter the son when in many cases the psychological motivation behind the delinquent behavior may be to do exactly this, punish the family? And what justification for it is there if the son's delinquency is caused, let us say, by genetic factors—if he is, for example, a sociopath, or constitutional psychopathic inferior?

I do believe, with Steinbeck, that the major cause of delinquency may be the marked decline in family identification, with its compensating attachment to the gang mores. But you can not very well legislate the love and respect that is necessary within the menage if the possibility of family punishment is to constitute an efficacious determent. Where such love exists no action is necessary. Where it does not the return to feudal law would put a deadly weapon in the hands of the unloved and unloving child. What pernicious use a bad seed might make of it.

BILL BRADEN.

Chicago, Ill.

CALL TO CONSCIENCE

CONGRATULATIONS on John Steinbeck's great editorial. We think it should be required reading for every parent and schoolteacher in the United States, and would also like to see clergymen of every faith use it as a basis for sermons.

SARA AND RICHARD TUCKER.

Great Neck, N.Y.

GRATEFUL AUTHOR

THANK YOU for John Steinbeck's editorial "A Plea to Teachers" [*SR* Apr. 20], for it has stopped my answering the many students who for various reasons write me letters almost as tearful and fearful as the ones he received.

BERNARD M. BARUCH.

New York, N.Y.

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Caligula Polk and His Circle

By CHARLES EINSTEIN

IT IS conjectural whether the art of non-fiction as practised by our books, newspapers, magazines, and *The Congressional Record* could exist today without the descendants of Caligula Polk.

Caligula, of Muskogee in the Creek Nation, appeared half a century ago in "The Gentle Grafter" and was described by O. Henry as "a spokesman by birth." Heirs to Caligula are the true indispensable men of our time—the inner circles, sources close to, and immediate aides. They exist in every field, from politics to sports, from welfare to war, from fashion to finance.

Maybe the advent of public relations as a national industry brought them to the fore, but for whatever reason they have become the lifeblood of our community. No business organization can rightly function without at least one spokesman; to judge from the newspapers, the White House alone has at least ten. Indeed, the point has been reached and passed where the spokesmen have spokesmen, along the principle of the diminishing Chinese box toy. The business is handled so fluently that nowadays we can read or hear this sentence—"Sources close to White House circles quoted Presidential aides as saying the Chief Executive was disturbed at the news"—and remain blissfully unaffected by the fact that this intelligence was funneled down through an apparent minimum of seventeen Caligula Polks.

Caligula's basis of operations is three-fold. In order of increasing importance, the reasons are:

1.—*Don't Quote Him*—where the source is too important to be identified with the news;

2.—*Won't Quote Him*—where the source is too unimportant to be identified with the news;

3.—*Can't Quote Him*—where the source doesn't exist.

A good example of Category 1 would be Vice President Nixon's reaction-testing remark last spring that our intervention might be necessary in Indochina, a quote he got off on the condition that it be attributed only to a "high Government official"; or, to take another example of the same category, we may read this sentence—"A spokesman for the newspaper publishers said the strike would not hurt revenues"—where no self-respecting paper would admit that the spokesman for the publishers was actually one of the publishers.

More commonly encountered is Category 2. Sample—"A reliable source said the manager called his first baseman 'yellow'." No right-thinking sportswriter would dare confess that his "reliable source" happened to be the clubhouse janitor.

Categories 1 and 2 have in common the desire, whatever the motives that may have prompted it, to protect the source. Unfortunately, in practice the effect of this generally leaves Categories 1 and 2 indistinguishable from Category 3.

A harmless but pertinent example would be the way *Time* magazine of August 2, 1954, began and ended its review of the Alfred Hitchcock movie "Rear Window." The first sentence says:

"'Rear Window' (Paramount), just possibly the second most entertaining picture (after 'The 39 Steps') ever made by Alfred Hitchcock, is the movie equivalent of what boxing circles call 'the handkerchief trick'."

The last sentences:

"'It makes you want to fool him (Hitchcock) by reacting some other way,' said another movie-maker, 'but you can't. You're condemned to enjoyment'."

Who are those boxing circles? What's the name of that other movie-maker who has such a nice turn of phrase? These are questions that of course need no answering, because nobody gives that much of a damn. And that is another way of saying that the spokesman and all his anonymous allies have become as much a part of our language as any of the components of Basic English.

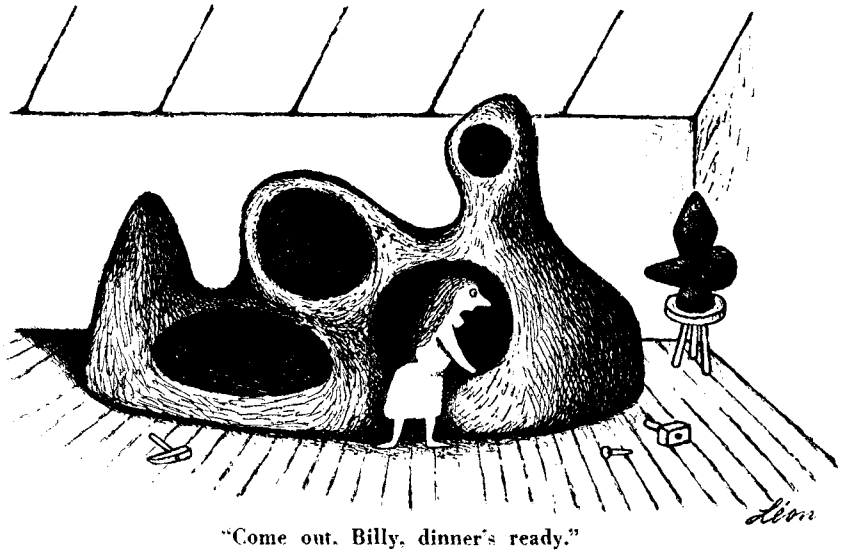
In some instances there is simply no other way to tell the news than to invent an anonymous informant to hang it on. In December 1946, as a young sportswriter in Chicago, I "broke" the big answer to the big sports question of the day—would Army or Illinois be invited to the Rose Bowl. I said it would be Illinois. My reason for saying it was that a group of Big Ten officials had left for California to confer on the Rose Bowl question with leaders of the Pacific Coast Conference. It seemed utterly illogical to me that so many men would go that far so late—the game was less than a month away—if there was any chance that they could lose out.

SO I wrote the story. But first I had to invent my source. It would have been manifestly ridiculous for me, with no column, no authority, no background deeper than a year's experience as a sportswriter, to come out and say "I think Illinois and not Army." So I started the piece by saying "Reliable sources indicated today . . ."

A by-product of this action was to establish for myself a fire exit in case I was wrong. I could always blame the source. True, I was masquerading a guess in the guise of news. My imaginary source could have been wrong. So what? Only too often real-life sources are even wronger.

This is the crux of the newspaperman's dilemma. A reporter is respected not so much for whatever brains he may have as for the people he knows, whether they exist or not. Why? Because any indication of brainwork suggests in our trigger-

(*Continued on page* 38)



"Come out, Billy, dinner's ready."

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RELIGION IN OUR TIMES

Theological Renaissance

"A Layman's Guide to Protestant Theology," by William Hordern *(Macmillan. 222 pp. $3.50), is a road-map through one of the liveliest intellectual areas of modern times, one that remains* terra incognita *even to the vast majority of well-informed men. Our reviewer is Professor Chad Walsh of Beloit College, author of "Campus Gods on Trial" and other books.*

By Chad Walsh

THERE were plenty of grave-diggers offering their services to Queen Theology forty years ago. Her long reign seemed coming to an end; her territory was being rapidly divided between science and philosophy.

What the grave-diggers did not reckon with was the surprising new lease on life which theology has been demonstrating these last few decades. Towering names like Maritain, Buber, Niebuhr, Tillich, Barth, Temple, and Brunner loom on the intellectual landscape, even though the man in the street—and sometimes the man in the pew—know them only as labels mentioned with passionate admiration by some young minister panting fresh from the seminary.

What little the layman knows about theological movements is usually wrong. He is likely to think of Neo-Orthodoxy as a highbrow name for old-fashioned Fundamentalism, and he regards theological Liberalism as the latest thing, whereas most of its leaders are gray-haired and fighting a rearguard action against the theological rivals that aggressively encircle them.

So far as I know, William Hordern's "A Layman's Guide to Protestant Theology" is literally the only book available which clearly explains the past forty years of Protestant theology in language which any thoughtful reader can understand, no matter how dense his ignorance; explains the many movements clearly and at the same time with no misleading over-simplifications. The result is a curiously exciting book and the mounting conviction that though new theologies may arise in the sheltered halls of the seminaries they are not going to stay there. All of them have bluntly relevant things to say about the market-place and the daily questions that the plainest citizen faces in trying to make sense of his life.

Professor Hordern first sketches the outlines of Orthodoxy, the broad tradition that most denominations shared until the impact of eighteenth-century deism and nineteenth-century science became strong. Next he passes to Fundamentalism and gives a very perceptive analysis of both its defensive psychology and its genuine earnestness as an attempt to hold on to truths being lightly cast aside by those who valued "keeping up with the times" at all cost.

Liberalism comes next—the theological kind, though it was often associated with political liberalism, also. The author notes its tendency to concentrate on "the religion of Jesus" as contrasted with "the religion about Jesus," and analyzes the increasingly heavy strains under which it has operated as world history becomes less sunny and other theologies spring up that seem to make more sense of shadows and human stupidities.

From liberalism it is an easy step to Neo-Orthodoxy, since most of the leaders of the latter are ex-Liberals. Special attention is devoted to three gigantic figures: Barth, Brunner, and Reinhold Niebuhr, who differ in many ways, but agree that man is radically sinful and cannot pull himself up by his bootstraps. However, as Professor Hordern makes clear, this is not Fundamentalism in city clothes. The Neo-Orthodox, for one thing, freely accept findings of the last 150 years' work in Biblical criticism.

An especially good chapter on that difficult and profound theologian, philosopher, and mystic Paul Tillich is followed by one on "Orthodoxy as a Growing Tradition," in which such literary figures as C. S. Lewis and Dorothy L. Sayers figure prominently. This movement is an attempt—and in the author's opinion a justified one—to carry on the broad central Christian tradition by making it comprehensible to the modern mind, but not changing its essential emphases.

THIS is so admirable a book that I can think of only two things I regret—the relative lack of attention given to Swedish theology, and the fact that little is said concerning the various liturgical movements which are trying to grasp anew the inner meaning of the Church. In general, however, the author is a wonderfully precise guide into the intricacies of modern Protestant thought at its top levels. The reader who has associated contemporary religion with nothing better than peace of mind and positive thinking will be pleasantly surprised. Here are minds at work as keen and dedicated as any the twentieth century can offer.

"Do you think the pilot can go any higher?"

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"The Divine Liberty"

"Tolerance and the Catholic: A Symposium" *(translated by George Lamb. Sheed & Ward. 199 pp. $3.50), is a collection of papers by French religious, primarily Jesuits and Dominicans, which argue that intolerance in any form is incompatible with the idea of a Christian State. Here it is reviewed by George N. Shuster, president of Hunter College and author of "Religion Behind the Iron Curtain."*

By George N. Shuster

FRENCH CATHOLIC thought since the war has manifested notable vitality and a sense of social realism, though the new names that have been emerging are, Gabriel Marcel excepted, unfamiliar outside France. The device of the colloquy about problems of special importance has been resorted to with considerable success. "Tolerance and the Catholic" is one of several resulting symposia, nearly all of which combine trenchant comment with freshness of viewpoint. The thesis should arouse interest in this country, since it is widely believed that a man who adheres to the Catholic faith cannot be tolerant of others and must therefore live uneasily at best in a democratic and pluralistic society.

The contributors to "Tolerance and the Catholic," primarily able Jesuits and Dominicans, take any number of hurdles in their stride. They ransack history, consider many a subtle point of doctrine, and look the time in which they live squarely in the eye. Uncompromisingly determined to imbue every moment of their own lives with the spirit of Christ, they are also missionaries in the sense that theirs is a constant desire that other men may share their religious dedication. But the thesis to which they all subscribe is that intolerance in any form is incompatible with the idea of a Christian State. The medieval situation, in which despite constant conflict the role of the Church was dominant, cannot (they say) properly evoke even nostalgia. For it resulted from a precarious synthesis between monastic ideal and highly personalized social authority which held good only for a small segment of European time. Indeed, the seeds of revolt were implicit in it because august monastic concern for the highest good, and for the salvation that alone is necessary, tended to ignore the secondary, mundane goods which are also real and worthy of concern. But if one looks beyond it to the whole wide world that is now man's one sees clearly that any thought of a return to the Middle Ages is wholly utopian and therefore harmful.

Intolerance, concludes the Dominican Augustin Léonard, "destroys the very thing that it aims to build up in men's minds—a high idea of God and faith." And his fellow religious Bernard Olivier expresses uncompromising hostility to the authoritarian Christian State which, he says, runs the risk of doing violence to consciences and therefore of establishing an externally "Christian order gnawed at from within by tyranny and injustice." The proper goal must be full realization of the fact that freedom of conscience is inviolable because in it there is mirrored the Divine liberty, and that as a consequence a Catholic's duty must be to associate himself with others in the formation of public opinion in the body politic for all desirable ends.

AS IN most symposia, the lines of demarcation between the themes assigned are sometimes blurred, nor are the contributors equally lucid and persuasive. Yet as a whole the book is of high quality and, what is perhaps surprising, it can be read with interest. What emerges finally is a suggested pattern of Catholic collaboration in modern society which, while recognizing the abiding separateness of religious commitments, suggests the end of isolation. Canon Dondeyne bases this, in his thoughtful study, on "the highest morality," which is love; and certainly neither freedom nor speculative inquiry nor justice is likely to survive in our world unless we add to what we currently say about man burning words urging the responsibility of affection for those who are different from ourselves and hold alien views.

The authors in general have very carefully outlined what has been said doctrinally on the subject by Popes and others. They explore the possibilities and opportunities that are presented for discussion with Protestant Christians and with the devotees of Oriental religions. Above all, however, they focus their attention on the State and on social and political morality. Being realists and not dithyrambic expounders of brotherly love, they talk in concrete terms and even suggest that, despite antithetical views of the most radical kind, it is licit to collaborate with Marxists for the improvement of wage and other conditions. In short, this book will, I believe, help some of us to see things in perspective and so perhaps to bring to a conclusion certain controversies latterly flourishing amongst us.

A People's Impact

"A Jewish Tourist's Guide to the United States," by Bernard Postal and Lionel Koppman *(Jewish Publication Society. 705 pp. $5), is a compendium of Jewish-American history as well as a traveler's handbook.*

By Harold U. Ribalow

TWO veteran newspapermen working in the Jewish field, Bernard Postal and Lionel Koppman, have produced a remarkable compilation of Jewish Americana in "A Jewish Tourist's Guide to the United States." It is a fine reference book, beautifully organized and full of facts, significant and trivial, about American Jewry.

State by state, city by city, and town by town, the authors have dug up countless items of Jewish interest. They have had the aid of hundreds of persons in all forty-eight states and have themselves seen much of what they describe. They list hundreds of synagogues, and their history; they have visited cemeteries, read tombstones, and copied their inscriptions. They list hundreds of towns and streets and even mountain peaks and rivers named for various Jews.

Their approach is by no means parochial. When they write of Albany, New York, for example, they mention Herbert H. Lehman as a Governor who administered state affairs from Albany—and then they proceed to describe the entire political career of Senator Lehman. When they discuss Prescott, Arizona, they describe the statue of Bucky O'Neill, a Rough Rider who fought with T.R., and then they tell of Prescott's famous Jewish Rough Rider, Samuel Greenwald.

This is how Postal and Koppman operate and in doing so they teach the reader more about American Jewish history than the formal history books do. The volume is generously illustrated but, unfortunately, too many of the photographs are small. But apart from this minor item this volume is a treasure trove for scholars, students, writers, and anyone else who may want to learn of the impact the Jew has made on American life. That two men were able to compile this book is in itself remarkable, for it is truly encyclopedic—and well written, too.

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BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The River Around Us

THE happiest event of the year is the return of Circle-in-the-Square. After settling licensing difficulties with the New York City Fire Department, this "cabaret" has miraculously picked up right where it left off after "Summer and Smoke," "The Grass Harp," and "The Girl on the Via Flaminia." The new production is **"The King and the Duke,"** Francis Fergusson's 1939 salute to Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn." Under Jose Quintero's direction and with some rich lyrical musical atmosphere composed by G. Wood, this minstrel melodrama has become a full canvas of the joy and the sadness, the humor and wonder of life along the Mississippi. The plot, while it provides token suspense, is secondary to the play's primary purpose of re-creating the pure-hearted child's view of adult life as that view fights for survival in a world that takes advantage of it.

To Huck Finn and the simple-souled Jim floating downstream on a raft the events along the banks at a distance seem exciting, but threaten their security. Suddenly the tranquility of their voyage is disturbed by two rapscallions who board their craft uninvited. While these scoundrels, who pretend to be a king and a duke in order to command subservience, lead Huck into great danger, they also bring him adventure and the love of Mary Jane, of whom, he says rapturously, "she has more sand in her than any girl I ever see." And after the rush of events is over and the raft is peaceful again we are conscious of life's ineluctable journey from innocence into complication.

The acting of a large cast of relative unknowns lives up to remarkably high standards. Each actor appears totally and genuinely involved with no individual virtuosity catered to. Almost all the action comes out of the life of the story rather than out of a director's preconceived notions.

As for individuals, Ralph Williams's Huck is wonderfully free of cuteness, John Armstrong's King is a properly bizarre yet always believable portrait of bogusness, and Patsy Bruder's Mary Jane is a combination of ladylike manners and youthful enthusiasm. G. Wood proves the poor man's Noel Coward, as he supplements his composing chores by playing Deacon Lot Hovey with humor and authority. William Hook's cake-walking dances are full of genuine pleasure rather than the phoney and superficial glee that usually attends such doings. Keith Cuerden and Jan Marasek have likewise combined to provide simple selective scenery and moody lighting that give the feeling of vast Mississippi stretches.

The one dilemma that Jose Quintero's masterpiece of direction does run into is, perhaps, that in the achievement of so much truth and beauty there has been a loss of punctuated impact and pace. Possibly this dilemma, which has been apparent in most of Mr. Quintero's work, will be eventually resolved through the further evolution of this young art theatre. But whether it is or not, "The King and the Duke" is right now a marvelous theatre evening. Not only is it pleasant, original, and rewarding, but it serves to remind us that New York has one theatre group with a unity of approach and a complete integrity of production.

* * *

There is also a kind of integrity about non-commercial ventures such as the Rockland Foundation's production of **"The Long Way"** at Nyack. This stage-piece by William Engvick with music by Alec Wilder also concerns the problems of growing up. In this case a thirteen-year-old girl undergoes a series of imaginary disillusionments to realize that what is real in life is preferable to daydreaming, and that what is remembered is important. These disillusionments are mainly comic, with the little girl projecting herself into replacing a gun moll and a movie star.

The score is lovely. June Ericson, who plays young Martha, comes across as an exciting and distinguished new stage personality as she plucks adolescence by the nose. Yet the inventiveness and the beauty of the work are often wasted because of the author's failure to find a form and stick to it. Sometimes it seems a parallel to "Little Red Riding Hood," sometimes it swells into full opera, and sometimes it becomes pure satire. And since the play's revelations are mostly for Martha, the audience tends to be more amused and charmed than really involved. "The Long Way" has plenty of makings but not enough wrappings. —HENRY HEWES.

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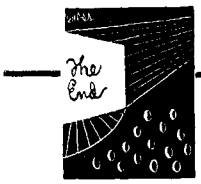
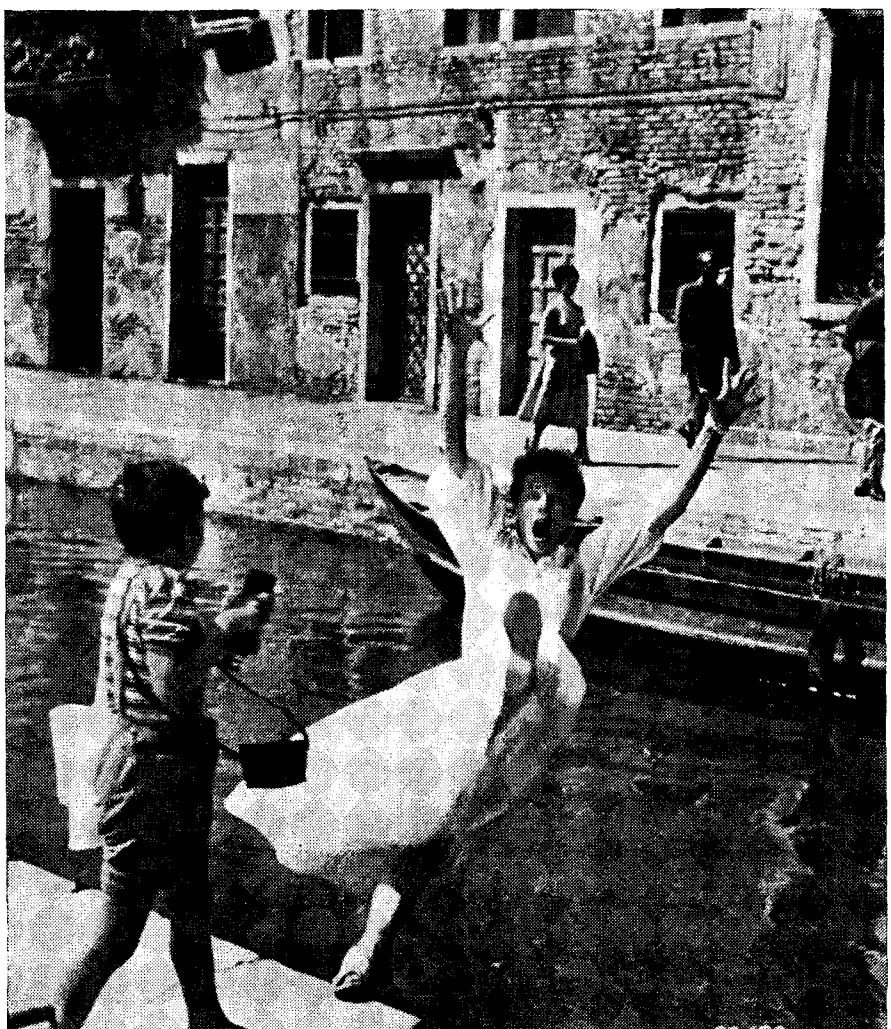


SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

One Touch of Venice



—From "Summertime."

". . . the art of Hepburn and the architecture of incredible Venice."

VENICE.

"THE ORIGIN of Venice dates from the invasion of the barbarians," states the guidebook "How to Visit Venice and Its Neighborhood," published by Cesare Capello of Milan. The great migrations of the savages forced the Venetians off the mainland and onto the islands of the lagoons, where they built their astonishing city. That influx, however, appears to have been minor compared to the invasion of Venice which I was privileged to witness early this summer.

They stream through the Mondrian front of Venice's railroad station, exclaim over the delightful circumstance that it is necessary to travel to the hotel in a boat, decide that the mantel at home requires a pair of the brass sea-horses that ride the gunwales of the black gondolas. Thirty minutes after they are checked in at the hotel you will see them in San Marco Piazza, feeding unbelievable hordes of pigeons. There are the retired people—the women in flowered prints, the men in berets—there are the youth hostel groups in khaki shorts, and there are the hostile youth groups who want to see the bar where Hemingway drank the "Montgomeries," even though they hated the book.

Almost inevitably, the stampede of arrivals has recently included a motion-picture unit (come to film a story about a more-or-less typical tourist) and press people (come to see the premiere of the finished product). It is pleasant to report that the American film's passion for real Italian exteriors has produced a film which is a sort of travelogue-with-drama about the city of splendor and century-aged grace. It is called "**Summertime**," the Ilya Lopert-David Lean mounting of Arthur Laurents's play "Time of the Cuckoo."

Katharine Hepburn arrives in Venice, alone except for 16mm movie camera and the lady traveler's mail-pouch carryall bag. After she exposes several hundred feet of Kodachrome on the city's postcard views we come right down to the fact that she is alone. In truth, she has been alone all her life, but there is an added measure of desperation that comes from being alone in this city of enchantment.

Enter Rossano Brazzi, a merchant of Venice who has not permitted frequent parenthood to dim his romantic heart. Brazzi is an elegant, well-spoken Continental man, and any lady tourist who did not relish a go with him should turn in her exposure-meter. After some heartbreaking hesitation in the preliminaries, conducted at Florian's, the first cafe of the Western world, Hepburn surrenders. There is a trip to Murano on gossamer wings. But, alas, it can never be, this symbolized by the fact that when he gives her a gardenia it falls into the canal. Hepburn goes home. Brazzi, for some reason not explained, misses her at the railroad station and has to sprint sixty yards up the platform for one last despairing look. As S. J. Perelman said in another context, it shouldn't happen to a Doge.

AS A movie "Summertime" does what movies were supposed to do when Edison first invented the darn things. It brings to you through the magic of the camera all the glory of a famous city thousands of miles away.

For many years in the history of film production the foreign scenes have been shot by "second unit" cameramen, and the visits of the stars simulated by such devices as the rear-projection of backgrounds and the extraordinarily skilful fakery of the Hollywood craftsmen. As filmgoers we have become accustomed to seeing the peculiarly stiff walk of an actor pacing an unseen treadmill while the panorama of Piccadilly Square unreels a bit mistily on the process screen behind. We have come to accept such conventions as the rear view of a slightly bowlegged stand-in wearing Grace Kelly's hat and coat and waving goodbye to Bill Holden's aircraft carrier from a Tokyo pier. Such tricks achieve needful economies, and they often work no hardship on the dramatic content of the film story, but they do cheat us of the real views

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our cameras have become so brilliantly capable of reporting.

The postwar travel boom, amplified and complicated by such boons as blocked currency and actors' tax problems, has fortunately brought about a realistic revolution in the practices of cinema production. The result is that foreign cities have become, and will increasingly become, the co-stars of many of our films. This has happened not only in out-and-out travelogues like the Cinerama films, but also in dramatic features like "Three Coins in a Fountain" (Rome) and "Bedeviled" (Paris). It is pleasant to hope we shall shortly enjoy these guided tour-stories of Cairo, Hong Kong, Copenhagen, and perhaps even our own New Orleans and San Francisco.

The location hunters will wear the atlases thin, however, before they find anything so camera-worthy as the gingerbread palazzos and narrow streets of Venice. The "Summertime" pictures of Venice are breathtaking, and even this visually superb pageant benefits from having Katharine Hepburn in the foreground.

Miss Hepburn has labored long in the service of her art and, like many grand actress personalities, she has now created herself in her own image. Everything superfluous is gone, the elements are refined and complete—the sad mouth, the head-back laugh, the snap of *chic* in shirtmaker dresses, the dream of enchantment behind wistful eyes, the awakened puritan passion of the girl in love, the "regular" way with children, the leggy stride, and always the bones—the magnificent, prominent, impossible bones which a visiting journalist, made somewhat exuberant by the deceptively mild local wine, described as the "greatest calcium deposit since the white cliffs of Dover."

Dramatically "Summertime" is only a slice of the original loaf, "Time of the Cuckoo," which I regard as a mature and complex play. In that work Laurents had many shrewd things to say about the American lady spinster, and about the childish fear and selfishness at the core of spinsterhood. There were comments, too, about the American and European attitudes toward marriage. This play of life at the Pensione Fiorini is barely suggested in the film; only a bittersweet love story remains.

But whatever "Summertime" lacks in emotional grandeur it makes up for with the art of Hepburn and the architecture of incredible Venice. With "Summertime" as an added stimulus in what appears to be a record-breaking tourist year, it looks as if the living will be easy for the pigeons in San Marco Piazza. —LEE ROGOW.

THE STAR: When, back in 193[illegible] Katharine Hepburn, a $79.50-a-week Broadway actress (when she was working) first arrived in Hollywood her agent took one look at her and blurted, "My God, are we sticking them $1,500-a-week for *this*!" In about as much time as it took to film "A Bill of Divorcement"—her first movie—she proved that *they* had got her cheap. It was a big hit. In the next year or so she made three other movies, one of them—"Morning Glory"—winning her an Oscar, to begin a film career that immediately took on legendary proportions. Miss Hepburn, who was born in Hartford, Connecticut, first caught Hollywood's eye in 1932, when she played an Amazon queen in "The Warrior's Husband." Until then, following her graduation from Bryn Mawr, Class of '28, she had knocked around in, and been knocked around by, several eminent flops. Dorothy Parker once said of her, "She ran the gamut of emotions from A to B." Anyway, Hollywood and Miss Hepburn clearly were not a case of love at first sight. Her off-lot behavior—she wouldn't coo like a starlet, she avoided nosy fan-magazine writers, she wore dungarees—struck Hollywood and Vine as inexcusably bad etiquette for a young actress. "If she were cast as Little Red Riding Hood," a detractor of hers once said, "she'd end up by eating the wolf." Regardless, after a skyrocketing start she began slipping with a succession of flops in the mid-Thirties. "Poison at the box-office," the head of the Independent Theatre Owners of America called her. She begged David Selznick for the lead role in "Gone With the Wind." "The part was practically written for me," she said. "I *am* Scarlett O'Hara!" Selznick couldn't agree less. "I just can't imagine Clark Gable chasing you for ten years."

Back East, Philip Barry told her about his "The Philadelphia Story," and Miss Hepburn acted in both the play (417 performances) and the movie (it broke Radio City Music Hall records). Since 1942 she has appeared in such film hits as "State of the Union," "Adam's Rib," and "The African Queen." She took a break in 1952 to appear in Shaw's "The Millionairess" in London. "Hepburn Plays Shaw—and Wins," a paper said. Altogether, her movie and theatre career has earned her more than $3,000,000, she said a few years ago. It has also made her critics eat their words.

—BERNARD KALB.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Salute to Music"—II

PARIS.

THE three events [*SR* June 11] with which the Philadelphia Orchestra under the direction of Eugene Ormandy extended a musical greeting to Paris as part of the "Salute to France" festivities in late May had an incalculable effect upon our Gallic friends. They were profoundly impressed. This can be said despite the inevitable reservations and critical comments heard in the corridors during intermissions and in professional conclave elsewhere.

It was impossible for Ormandy's programs to satisfy everybody's tastes and ideas. Some felt that the first program could have had more significant music, and generally the programs were somewhat lopsided, with too much emphasis on the past and too little on the present. As for the American compositions, musicians expressed themselves disappointed by what they termed a fairly skimpy representation. Others, while expressing admiration for Bloch (whose Second Concerto Grosso appeared on one of the programs), asked if we were not aware that the U.S. section of the International Society for Contemporary Music has been criticized on former occasions for claiming Bloch—whose music is so European in genesis—as an American composer.

Our composers write in every style. Those who write music and live among us, native-born or not, are American composers. What emerges is as likely to be French-influenced or Italian-influenced as Brooklyn-grown. That too is American, *n'est-ce pas*? Such concerts should be judged for what they were rather than for what they were not. Such a program as the first, for example—Berlioz's "Carnival Romain" overture, Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4, Norman dello Joio's "Epigraph," and the Moussorgsky-Ravel "Pictures at an Exhibition"—symbolizes some of the facts of symphonic life peculiarly American. That is, a major orchestra is necessarily a conservative organization committed to the performance of standard works for the bulk of its repertory; that the performance of not-too-experimental contemporary works along with the familiar classics is a firmly established tradition; that the American composer, too, is as comfortable and as accepted in the concert hall as any of his foreign contemporaries; and that every artist—as an individual or an entity—must be respectfully mindful of his public's musical tastes.

The Philadelphians, under Ormandy's inspired command, did music, themselves, and their country proud. So did Warfield. So did the International Exchange Program for translating the fine idea into action. They have all contributed to a greater understanding of the artist's role in our society, and of America's cultural interests.

—ABRAM CHASINS.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MISNOMERS

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, offers twenty anagrammed names which are also titles of novels (first and last names, as "Robinson Crusoe," "Martin Chuzzlewit"). She asks you to unscramble the anagrams and identify the authors of the books. If, of the forty desiderata, you bring home thirty or fewer, get lost; if from thirty-one through thirty-six, satisfactory, sort of; if in excess of thirty-six, nice going. Answers on page 46.

1. "Myrret Nagel"
2. "Niref Nylewn"
3. "Sarrah Wolliceas"
4. "Lenfald Lorms"
5. "Ramon Hefet"
6. "Sijah Drupit"
7. "Roda Nonole"
8. "Ray Enjee"
9. "Sharret Sweet"
10. "Ploddivi Pardecef"
11. "Belinda Sukozo"
12. "Satend Rhoyaven"
13. "Trinset Beebop"
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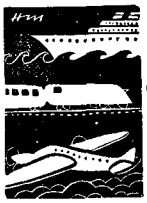


BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Grand Tetons or Bust

MOOSE, WYOMING.

ON July 26, 1923, a group of dedicated souls led by Struthers Burt gathered in the cabin of Miss Maud Noble in the metropolis of Moose, a settlement which even today, according to the local park ranger, has an active population of six. They submitted to the superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, oldest of the nation's preserves, whose borders begin a few miles to the north, a plan for setting aside part of the valley known as Jackson Hole as a National Recreation Area.

Earlier groups had moved to append Jackson Hole to Yellowstone itself, an idea that found markedly little favor among the ranchers and homesteaders who lived there. Yellowstone was a different matter. Nobody had ever thought of homesteading on the bubbling mud pots and geysers of that awesome land.

But the conservationists, dismayed by the shabby tourist cabins and what they considered to be the overgrazing of the land, sought to save the valley that lay in the shadow of the mighty Teton range. The Noble cabin group sent the Yellowstone superintendent to look for a philanthropist. He found one called Rockefeller. Last week the Grand Teton National Park, a sizable bubble of land on any map, 312,000 acres in all, was crowned with a six-million-dollar hotel, the largest resort ever installed in a national park at one time.

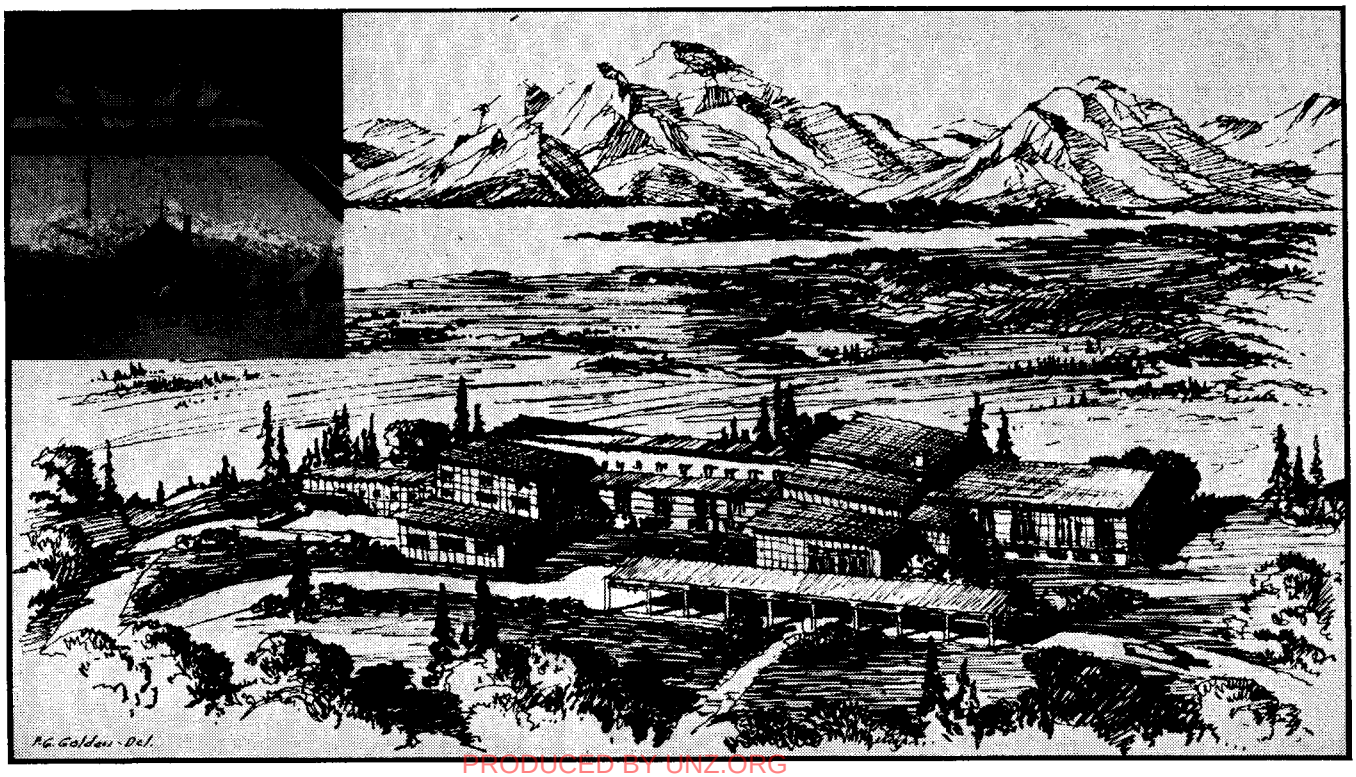
What the Rockefellers had done between 1925 and 1955 was to buy up some 36,000 acres in the valley, turning them over to the Government as an outright grant. When it became apparent that interest far exceeded public accommodations and that tourists were sleeping in their cars Rockefeller is reputed to have said, "Let's build 'em a hotel."

Jackson Lake Lodge, the Rockefeller effort, has room for 300. Perched on a hillock at the brink of the wilderness, it contains a 100-stool soda fountain, a 500-chair dining-room faced with glass that will filter out the afternoon sun. But the most stupendous feature of all is the mammoth lobby, which could quite probably contain the entire population of Wyoming with room for Rhode Island. One whole wall is a giant sixty-foot picture window through which lobby-loungers can view the snowy Tetons rising higher than 13,000 feet. In the meadowland of the valley below moose chomp on the sagebrush and coyotes wander as free as city dogs off the leash.

For anyone who wants to take home the view there is an art gallery with an intricate spotlight system on tracks where the lodge will display local scenes by local talent. If the day is cloudy there is a motif of mountains, mountain men, and other trappings on the draperies. The bar is a stockade of pointed logs with Mazda stars shining out of the blue concrete sky and tanbark under foot. Since the whole scheme is operated on a non-profit basis, imbibers will stand less of a chance than earlier stockade dwellers of getting scalped.

The fifty rooms in the main lodge, a building built of concrete but stained to look like wood, cost $12 to $14 daily for two without meals. Guests arriving in jeans or shorts, or just plain bashful, can merely pull up under the *porte cochère,* register on a clip board, get map, key, and directions, and instal themselves in one of the 250 cottage rooms without benefit of bellboy. Each room is fitted with bath and two double beds, not to mention a door painted yellow, blue, or tangerine in a shade that matches the local wildflowers.

FROM the lodge it is a mile down to the town of Moran, which clusters under a lakeside levee and consists largely of a general store with a filling station appended. The store is easily recognizable since it bears three signs which say "Package Liquor," "Worms," and "Store." Trips can be arranged at the store, as I suspect they will also be at the lodge, to take the visitor by horseback into the remote lakes to fish for cutthroat trout, German brown, rainbow, and black spotted native. In the fall trips out-



Chapel of the Transfiguration [illegible] and the Tetons, Jackson Lake Lodge, Colo." "Please tie horses to hitching rack."

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side the protected areas of the park can also be arranged to hunt for elk, moose, deer, and bear. However, I hesitate to dwell on all the charms of Moran since it is totally fed up with its viewless locale and will shortly move—lock, store, and filling station—eight miles up the line to Colter Bay.

The town nearest to the National Park headquarters is the metropolis of Moose, which is composed of a log filling station, the Moose Trading Post, a museum, the district park ranger's office, and a fishing-tackle shop which also encloses the post office. It also has a log church known as the Chapel of the Transfiguration, which has a plate-glass window behind the altar so placed that worshipers who sit on the aspen pews have a full view of the mountains. A sign outside the church advises, "Please tie horses to hitching rack."

Although a bridge across the Snake River at Moose was completed in 1927, the flat-bottomed Menor's Ferry operated by river current and a windlass cable still plies across the stream in summer. The craft is a restoration executed by the restoration-wise Rockefellers. The museum explores the early activities of the Indians who came to Jackson Hole in summer to fish and hunt, and traces the thirty-odd fur-trading expeditions which crossed into the valley by seven different routes. Jackson was David E. Jackson, a partner of Captain William Sublette, who stopped by in 1829. But the Tetons, of which there are three, were named by the imaginative French guides who, many long days from civilization, thought the mountains looked like bosoms. The anatomical Gauls were also responsible for Gros Ventre River, a *gros ventre* being a big belly. I should also like to point out the formations south of Moose known as West Gros Ventre Butte, which faces East Gros Ventre Butte. Between these buttes and Big Belly Ranger Station lies a huge confine known as the National Elk Refuge, where on a winter's day you will find more elk than attend a national convention of the BPOE. Indeed, since the antlered census frequently goes to 20,000, there are considerably more elk in the vicinity than people.

BESIDES elk the woods are full of small ranches mainly for the lodgment of dudes, and I would especially like to mention Jenny Lake Lodge, an attractive collection of one-, two-, and three-room cabins swimming in fields of blue lupin, hardly a whistle away from the lake and right at the base of the mountains. The tariff is $27.50 a day for two, with two meals. There is boating on Jenny Lake, but

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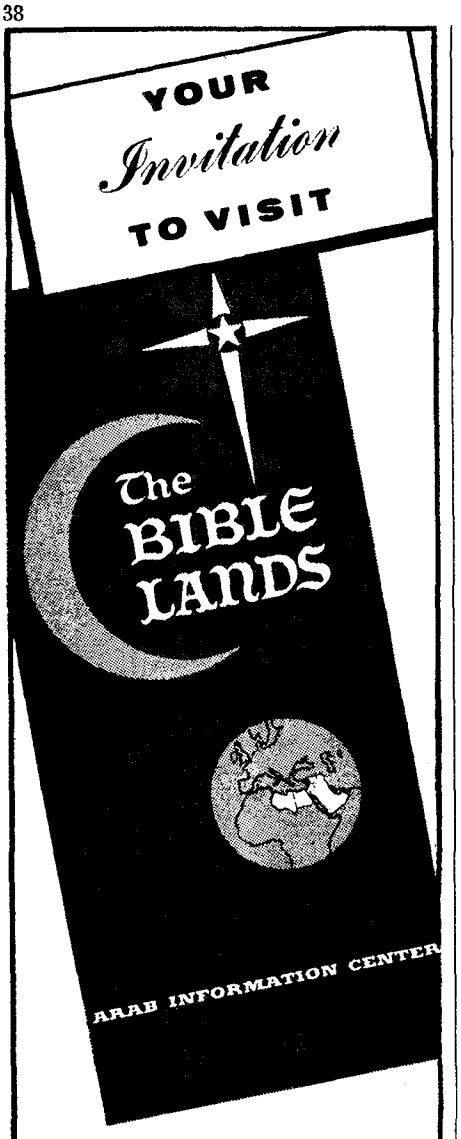

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the water is too cold and too deep for safe swimming, a sport which is reserved for the emerald pond known as String Lake. For exercise there is always mountain climbing, an endeavor much practised in the Tetons ever since the Episcopal Bishop of Utah and a party of ranchers scaled Grand Teton in 1898. The big mountain has been conquered over 2,000 times since 1936, and the National Park Service registers all climbers in its booth at Jenny Lake. A mountain-climbing school charges $4 a day and the local guides charge about $25 for the 13,766-foot excursion.

FOR urban excitement there is always Jackson, a Wild West town with a number of Las Vegas traces which has set up shop some thirty-five miles down the valley if you measure from the lodge. Jackson is very Western, and for disbelievers there is a bright neon sign over one of its saloons on Broadway that insists the interior is "Truly Western." Cowboys, or Jacksonians in cowboy suits, like to lean against the Truly Western saloon with their hands in their dungaree pockets and their pointed heels digging into the raised wooden sidewalks. Some wear jeans, pink shirt, and belt studded with emeralds. Embalmed thirty-four-pound trouts hang in the local windows, and so do pistols, the skeleton of a human arm, and some old powder horns. In the Jackson State Bank a Bighorn sheep and a deer look down over the customers, the huge head of a bison breathes down the neck of the check writers, and there are Venetian blinds on the teller's window. There's a chair lift, a Gai Mode beauty salon, and a bridge made out of stacked antlers in the town square. Sitting in the libation room of the snug Wort Hotel, where the walls are paved with unborn calf skins and the top of the bar is inlaid with 2,032 silver dollars, "yup" and "nope" can be a filibuster. But sometimes the veterans talk, and when they do they separate the dudes from the horse-thieves who stole their steeds in the West, brought them into Jackson with the first snows, spent the winter working over the brands, then took them East with the spring to sell them. Although citizens occasionally pack a pistol in plain view, and, so I am informed, most carry a gun in their cars, there is virtually no real crime in Jackson. It isn't that *everybody* is wearing pink shirts, mind you, it's just that with no railroad for miles around, the plane coming in only during the summer, and the roads leading over precarious mountain passes, it's simply too tough to get out of town.

—HORACE SUTTON.

Caligula Polk

Continued from page 29

minded society a tendency towards bias, and a reporter is supposed to be impartial. The resultant dilemma is two-fold: first, a newsman's native intelligence figures probably to be worth more than the best sources available; second, the source is usually a hell of a lot less impartial than his newspaper friend. So by seeking to avoid bias the reporter abets it.

Caligulating can be an innocuous pastime. When we read—"Opponents of the Jones Bill marshaled their forces in the Senate today with the cry "It will not pass!"—or "It was felt in some quarters, on the other hand, that the 'new look' was far too extreme"—or "Rails turned upward today, and veteran Wall Streeters saw in the gain signs of optimism across the board"—we grant these Caligulas their right to tell us the import of what is going on in their own special cuneiform.

CALIGULATING can, in fact, be the only fair approach. A reporter assigned to do a "man-in-the-street" survey has a far better chance of turning in an honest story by writing it dishonestly. When President Truman removed General MacArthur from his Far East command I was assigned by my editor to interview people at random in the Times Square area on their reactions to the news. The editor's final caution was made in the name of fair play: "Make sure it's right down the middle." My chances of finding twenty people who would split ten-ten on the issue were about one in a thousand; even granting an even split what assurance was there that their opinions, qualified by subsequent developments in the story, might not change diametrically after I talked to them? No. I admit without shame that I had three belts of Scotch in one bar and two in another; talked to no one; returned to the office and wrote the story. It was the story the editor wanted. It is a big game. The man in the street, after all, is the biggest Caligula Polk of them all.

And the way is open, obviously, to the dishonest reporter who decides, or is told, to write a dishonest story. There is always a man in the street who thinks the way you do; there is always an unimpeachable source who will say that black is white, and if there isn't he can be invented without danger of challenge.

Caligulating can be fun. You and your intimates, administrative assistants, and confidential aides ought to try it some time.

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Hammock Reading

Continued from page 14

sits out World War II in Canada and gets off some thoughtful beefs about history in general. (Yeiser.)

SOMETHING OF VALUE. *By Robert Ruark. Doubleday.* $5.
The story of a professional East African hunter who finds himself tracking down not wild beasts but the savage Mau Maus. (Thomas B. Sherman.)

A TALE FOR MIDNIGHT. *By Frederic Prokosch. Little, Brown.* $3.95.
A heavy respinning of the connivances of the sixteenth-century Cenci family, and of the murder of Francesco and the subsequent demise of the whole lot of them. (Barkham.)

THE TOOTH AND THE NAIL. *By Bill S. Ballinger. Harper.* $2.95.
All about the sleight-of-hand murder on the part of a magician who moves in the interesting circles of Broadway theatrical hotels, Philadelphia night clubs, and other places. (Cady.)

THE VIRGINIA EXILES. *By Elizabeth Gray Vining. J. B. Lippincott.* $3.95.
A novel about a group of Quakers who refused to take part in the American Revolution, and of how they suffered because of their beliefs. (Hormel.)

THE YEAR OF AUGUST. *By Anton Fereva. G. P. Putnam's Sons.* $3.50.
A sorrowing little tale of one Chris Lord, who falls in love with one Sally Talon, the heiress to a California cannery town, and thereby brings on his own wife's suicide. (Jackson.)

THE YEARS OF THE CITY. *By George R. Stewart. Houghton Mifflin.* $5.
The whole history of an imaginary city of ancient Greece, tracing it through its founding, flowering, and its final decay, together with some lessons for citizens of today. (Barkham.)

THE YOUNG LOVERS. *By Julian Halevy. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
The struggles of a group of youthful bohemians to get used to the adult world. (Jackson.)

General

Eleven Votes

THE LAND THEY FOUGHT FOR. *By Clifford Dowdey. Doubleday.* $6.
Civil War history from the point of view of a Southern writer whose most interesting contributions include some chastisement of Jefferson Davis (for refusing to put the cause ahead of his own desires), some hero worship of Stonewall Jackson, and some psychological probing into such generals as "the psychotic" General Bragg. (Babcock, Cady, Flowers, Herzberg, Little, McManis, Morrissey, Rothermel, Snajdr, Tinkle, Wyllie.)

Ten Votes

BOSWELL ON THE GRAND TOUR: Italy, Corsica, and France, 1765-1766. *Edited by Frank Brady and Frederick A. Pottle. McGraw-Hill.* $5.50.
The third volume in the Yale edition of James Boswell's papers, which offers more of the young Scot's account of his travels. (Cross, Dolbier, Hass, Herzberg, Little, North, O'Neill, John K. Sherman, Wyllie, Yeiser.)

Nine Votes

TIGER OF THE SNOWS. *By Tenzing of Everest in collaboration with James Ramsey Ullman. G. P. Putnam's Sons.* $4.50.
The official biography of Tenzing of Everest, whose special axe to grind is his contention that the differences between Sherpas and Englishmen as climbers were not as important as we have been led to believe. (Babcock, Cady, Cross, Jackson, Kogan, Little, North, Rothermel, John K. Sherman.)

Four Votes

AMERICA AT MID-CENTURY. *By André Siegfried. Translated by Margaret Ledéssert. Harcourt, Brace.* $5.75.
A second look, twenty-eight years after, by the author of the widely-read "America Comes of Age." (Bradley, Little, Snajdr, Wyllie.)

Three Votes

FROM MY EXPERIENCE. *By Louis Bromfield. Harper.* $4.
Nature lore from the novelist and sage of Malabar Farm. (Babcock, North, Tinkle.)

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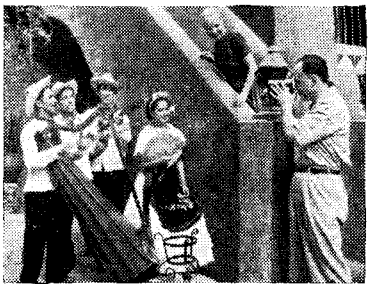

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GRANDFATHER STORIES. *By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Random House.* $3.50.
Mr. Adams, whose own memory harks back some four-score years, had two grandfathers whose memories harked back considerably further, and their grandson has taken some pains to preserve these memories here. (Babcock, Morrissey, John K. Sherman.)

LAURETTE. *By Marguerite Courtney. Rinehart* $5.
The biography of the actress Laurette Taylor, whose career veered dramatically from bleak childhood to stardom to alcoholism and back to stardom. (Cady, Dolbier, Jackson.)

PARTY OF ONE. *By Clifton Fadiman. World Publishing Co.* $5.
Some civilized remarks on such interesting subjects as Judy Garland, a Schrafft waitress, and the lively arts of the last quarter century, all collected from the works of an old hand at civilized remarks. (Hass, Hormel, O'Neill.)

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. *By N. N. Sukhanov. Translated by Joel Carmichael. Oxford University Press.* $10.
The first English translation of an important account of the 1917 cataclysm by a man who played an important part in it. (Little, O'Neill, John K. Sherman.)

Two Votes

CIVIL WAR ON THE WESTERN BORDER. 1854-1865. *by Jay Monaghan. Little, Brown.* $6.
All about the political battle which raged from Topeka to Washington over whether Kansas should be free or slave, and of its hot-blooded abolitionists and its slaveholders, and of the bloody conflict which ensued on the Western border. (McManis, Wyllie.)

This is the seventh summer *The Saturday Review* has asked the book editors of the nation's leading newspapers to name the books they believe merit the attention of discriminating readers. The twenty-seven critics who participated in the poll are:

FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune*
JOHN BARKHAM, Saturday Review Syndicate
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus Dispatch*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
MAURICE DOLBIER, *Providence Journal*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World Herald*
MAX J. HERZBERG, *Newark Evening & Sunday News*
OLIVE DEANE HORMEL, *Christian Science Monitor*
JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle*
HERMAN KOGAN, *Chicago Sun Times*
CARL VICTOR LITTLE, *Houston Press*
JOHN MCMANIS, *Detroit News*
ROBERT MOLYNEAUX *Pittsburgh Press*
RALPH MORRISSEY, *Nashville Tennessean*
STERLING NORTH, North Weekly Book Review Service
FRANK O'NEILL, *Cleveland News*
J. F. ROTHERMEL, *Birmingham News*
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star Tribune*
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
PAUL JORDAN SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*
ROBERT I. SNAJDR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
LON TINKLE, *Dallas News*
JOHN COOK WYLLIE, *Richmond News Leader*
FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

THE GREAT AMERICAN HERITAGE. *By Bela Kornitzer. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $5.
The story of the five Eisenhower brothers, mostly in their own words but all put together by the author of "American Fathers and Sons." (Babcock, Flowers.)

IONIA: A QUEST. *By Freya Stark. Harcourt, Brace.* $6.
A highly personal travel book in which Miss Stark visits and interprets such regions of Asia Minor as Ionia, Aeolis, Heracleia, Aphrodisias, Laodicia, and other interesting places. (Hormel, Yeiser.)

1,000,000 DELINQUENTS. *By Benjamin Fine. World Publishing Co.* $4.
In the next year 1,000,000 boys and girls under the legal age of twenty-one will commit crimes serious enough to involve them with the police. Mr. Fine, the education editor of *The New York Times,* has interviewed a good many juvenile delinquents (and their educators and psychiatrists) in an attempt to discover what made them go wrong. (Bradley, Herzberg.)

ONIONS IN THE STEW. *By Betty MacDonald. J. B. Lippincott Co.* $3.50.
Miss "The Egg and I" MacDonald is working hard to produce an even dozen. This one is about her life among the morning glories, the quack grass, and the rampaging wisteria on an island in the Northwest. (Bond, Molyneaux.)

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE. *By Edgar Lustgarten. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.
A case study of the women involved in four famous murder trials. The women: Alma Rattenbury, who was accused of her husband's murder; Helen Lambie, a witness for the prosecution in a famous Glasgow murder trial; Madeline Smith, whose guilt in a Scottish murder case was never proven; and Harriet Staunton, who was the actual murder victim in the trial in which *she* was involved. (Cady, Jackson.)

One Vote

ALBERT EINSTEIN: *Autobiography. Tudor Publishing Co.* $3.
Some compact autobiographical writings of the late great scientist, including letters, papers, speeches, *and* his story of how and why he came to develop the ideas and theories which made him famous. (Wyllie.)

AMERICAN SKYLINE. *By Christopher Tunnard and Henry Hope Reed, Jr. Houghton Mifflin.* $5.
These architecturally-minded authors discuss such interesting matters as the origin of the suburb, the geneses of the country club, the settlement house, and the mansard roof—and then they neatly tie them all together with some cultural implications. (Barkham.)

ANDREW JACKSON: Symbol for an Age. *By John William Ward. Oxford University Press.* $4.75.
A biography of the first Western fellow who got to the White House which attempts to separate a good deal of fact from a good deal of fiction which, apparently has hitherto been accepted as fact. (McManis.)

APES, ANGELS, AND VICTORIANS. *By William Irvine. McGraw-Hill.* $5.
A double biography: of Charles Darwin, builder of the theory of evolution, and of T. H. Huxley, who battled for its public acceptance. (Thomas B. Sherman.)

THE ART OF FICTION. *By W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday.* $4.50.
Mr. Maugham, who is a novelist of no mean ability himself, has assembled into book form his critiques of ten famous novels. The novels: "Tom Jones," "Pride and Prejudice," "Le Rouge et Le Noir," "Wuthering Heights," "Le Père Goriot," "David Copperfield," "Madame Bovary," "Moby Dick," "The Brothers Karamazov," and "War and Peace." (Hass.)

AS I SEE. *By Boris Artzybasheff. Dodd, Mead.* $7.50.
A first book of cartoons by a noted magazine artist in which he takes up four contemporary subjects: Neurotica, Machines, Weapons of Warfare, and Human Vanities. (Thomas B. Sherman.)

BOOTH TARKINGTON: Gentleman from Indiana. *By James Woodress. J. B. Lippincott.* $5.
The first biography of the author of "Alice Adams," "The Magnificent Ambersons," and "The Midlander." (Cady.)

THE CHALLENGE OF SCANDINAVIA. *By William L. Shirer. Little, Brown.* $5.
A substantial analysis of present-day Scandinavia, treating of the economic, political, social, and cultural life of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Finland—all of which, Mr. Shirer points out, no longer lie outside the main highways of possible future wars. (North.)

CHINA AND THE COLD WAR. *By Michael Lindsay. Cambridge University Press.* $3.75.
Are the Chinese Communists acting rationally? Lord Lindsay says they aren't and suggests a great many things which could be done to reduce their threat to the peace of the world. (Dolbier.)

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, MARINER. *By Samuel Eliot Morison. Little, Brown,* $3.75.
A rewrite by Admiral Morison of his Pulitzer Prize-winning biography of Columbus, in which this time he leaves out some lengthy notes and unimportant details of the original. (Bond.)

THE CONTEMPORARY FRENCH NOVEL. *By Henri Peyre. Oxford University Press.* $5.
A report and critique covering the last forty-five years. (Yeiser.)

CRUSADE IN ASIA. *By Carlos P. Romulo. John Day.* $4.
An account by the former Philippine representative to the United Nations of his homeland's war for independence and struggle against the forces of Communism. (Hormel.)

EMILY DICKINSON'S HOME. *By Millicent Todd Bingham. Harper.* $6.50.
A collection of letters of the poet's family which serve to illuminate her career. (Smith.)

THE FRENCH BROAD. *By Wilma Dykeman. Rinehart.* $5.
The whole story of the river named French Broad, along whose banks, among those of others, were the homes of George Vanderbilt and of Thomas Wolfe. A volume in the Rivers of America Series. (Smith.)

GRAND OLD PARTY. *By M. B. Schnapper. Public Affairs Press.* $6.
A pictorial history of the first 100 years of the Republican Party, from its beginnings in 1854 to the hairline elections of November 2, 1954. (Snajdr.)

HEROINES OF DIXIE. *By Katharine M. Jones. Bobbs-Merrill.* $5.
A collection of the Civil War writings of Confederate women, including such interesting accounts as the flight of Mrs. Robert E. Lee from Arlington, the death watch of Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson by her husband's bedside, and various other accounts by Southern ladies at war. (Morrissey.)

HIROSHIMA DIARY. *By Michihiko Hachiya. Translated and edited by Warner Wells, M.D. University of North Carolina Press.* $3.50.
The first book-length, eye-witness account of the first blast of the atomic bomb and of its results. (Bradley.)

HOW NOT TO WRITE A PLAY. *By Walter Kerr. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
The drama critic of the *New York Herald Tribune,* having seen an awful lot of warmed-over Chekov, speaks up for writing for the audience—a point of view which brings him perilously close to Broadway musicals but, happily, not too close. (Kogan.)

A HISTORY OF LATIN AMERICA FROM THE BEGINNINGS TO THE PRESENT. *By Hubert Herring. Alfred A. Knopf.* $8.75.
A readable (and fairly complete) history of the region from its Indian, Iberian, and African backgrounds right down to such recent events as the Guatemalan affair and the suicide of Getulio Vargas. (Tinkle.)

IMPRESSIONISM. *By Jean Leymarie. Skira. Two vols., $4.95 each.*
A two-volume study, with 115 color plates, tracing the Impressionists from their origins to their maturity. A part of a series of such studies devoted to the leading movements of modern painting. (John K. Sherman.)

JAPAN. *By Werner Bischof. Simon & Schuster.* $10.
Some stylized and beautiful photographs of a stylized country (especially its old and its new ways and its Kabuki and No theatres), all done before the untimely death of photographer Bischof. (Thomas B. Sherman.)

LASCAUX OR THE BIRTH OF ART. *By Georges Bataille. Skira.* $16.50.
A photographic study (68 full-color plates) of the Upper Paleolithic artists who worked on the walls of the famous Lascaux Caves, together with some explanation of them by the author. (McManis.)

THE MOUNTAIN ON THE DESERT. *By Conrad Richter. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.
Mr. Richter has abandoned his novels for the moment in order to write about his own philosophy—a philosophy which he has called "an approach to the riddle of being and well-being.

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with human energy as our yardstick and clue." (Rothermel.)

THE MOVING WATERS. *By John Stewart Collis. William Sloane.* $3.75.
This one does for the waters around us (from morning dew to the glacier) what Rachel Carson did only for the sea around us. (Dolbier.)

THE MURDER OF THE MAN WHO WAS "SHAKESPEARE." *By Calvin Hoffman. Julian Messner.* $3.95.
Hold on to your bodkins! This one argues that neither Bacon nor Oxford—nor, for that matter, William Shakespeare—was William Shakespeare. Mr. Hoffman's mystery-story case: Christopher Marlow, being in bad odor for his atheistic sentiments, took the only way possible to continue living: he pretended to be murdered in a tavern brawl in 1593, then continued writing under the convenient pseudonym of the actor William Shakespeare. (John K. Sherman.)

MY LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE STATE OF MAINE. *By Gertrude Mackenzie with Ruth Goode. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
Or how some homespun girls cleared out of Madison Avenue in order to find that they were really homespun at heart. (Bond.)

MY PHILADELPHIA FATHER. *By Cordelia Drexel Biddle as told to Kyle Crichton. Doubleday.* $4.
A daughter's memories of an old Philadelphia cut-up named Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, whose exploits included boxing his way up and down the social ladder, unboxing his pet alligators in his stateroom, and sundry other undaunted adventures. (Hormel.)

NEWS IS A SINGULAR THING. *By Marguerite Higgins. Doubleday.* $3.50.
Some interesting (and some foot-in-the-mouth) autobiography by the *New York Herald Tribune*'s star lady foreign correspondent. (North.)

NIGHTMARES OF EMINENT PERSONS. *By Bertrand Russell. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
A collection of the nightmares dreamed by such eminent (and diverse) personages as Stalin and the Queen of Sheba, together with some gentle philosophizing on the whole subject of nightmares by the author. (Barkham.)

THE PERIOD PIECE. *By Gwen Raverat. W. W. Norton.* $3.75.
Some irreverent memories of Victorian England (particularly Cambridge) put together by a granddaughter of an irreverent old Victorian, Charles Darwin. (Molyneaux.)

RENAISSANCE DIPLOMACY. *By Garrett Mattingly. Houghton Mifflin.* $6.
All about the evolution of the art of diplomacy, beginning with its beginnings in Renaissance Europe and coming up as far as the sixteenth century. (Dolbier.)

THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS. *By Louis Kronenberger. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.75.
A collection of twenty essays on writers and writing of many centuries, but mostly on those of the eighteenth. (North.)

THE STRANGE CASE OF JIM CROW. *By C. Vann Woodward. Oxford University Press.* $2.50.
The changing social relations between whites and Negroes in the South since the Civil War. (Herzberg.)

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW. *An Autobiography by Mary Pickford. Doubleday.* $4.95.
All about a little girl named Gladys Smith who, being renamed Mary Pickford, put in a day's work for a young director named D. W. Griffith, got five dollars for her trouble, and so was launched on her way to motion-picture history. (Rothermel.)

TO THE ONE I LOVE BEST. *By Ludwig Bemelmans. Viking Press.* $3.75.
An intimate, episodic word-portrait of the late Elsie de Wolfe—Lady Mendl. (Molyneaux.)

A TRAIN OF POWDER. *By Rebecca West. Viking Press.* $3.75.
Essays about the Nuremberg trials, the Berlin blockade, a South Carolina lynching, and British espionage and murder cases (Hass.)

21 STAYED. *By Virginia Pasley. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $3.50.
Miss Pasley is a lady journalist who became interested in the fact that twenty-one American prisoners in Korea took up Communism, and she went to their home towns in an attempt to discover what it was that led them to it. (Kogan.)

THE VOICE OF THE DESERT. *By Joseph Wood Krutch. William Sloane Associates. Probable price,* $3.75.
Mr. Krutch this time investigates a good many aspects of desert life, including the roadrunner, the Dipo, and the kangaroo rat, and describes them all with some fascination. (Flowers.)

WHEELS WEST. *By Homer Croy. Hastings House.* $3.75.
The whole frightening story of the Donner wagon train which set out for Fort Sutter during the Gold Rush of 1848, got snowed-in in the Rockies, starved to death, and gave their name to the Donner Pass (Smith.)

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Fiction

Continued from page 16

ideas vital and potent in fiction. As for the range of his powers, that may be measured by the distance which separates this novel's comedy from its tragedy, its fun from its savage bitterness.

Notes

ANOTHER HISTORICAL TOUR: Back in the ninth century A.D. burning at stake was a popular sport, a chess set made of human bones was a conversation piece, and the course of true love ran no smoother than it does today. In **"The Emerald Crown"** (Funk & Wagnalls, $3.75) Theodora McCormick tells a richly textured tale of Niall Black-knee (eventually one of the kings of Ulster) and his love for Sionna, daughter of King Flann. Boy eventually gets crown and girl, but only after a staggering amount of antique mayhem.

A fresh look at some well-trod ground is provided by Olive Eckerson's **"My Lord Essex"** (Holt, $4.50), which dramatizes the familiar story of Queen Elizabeth's favorite with considerable effectiveness, and with a judicious sprinkling of sugar. If you are looking for the blots on the Essex escutcheon look not in Mrs. Eckerson's pages.

Robert Neill is a writer with a genuine flair for the historical romance. "Charm," says a character in **"Black William"** (Doubleday, $3.95), is what the Stuarts have given their adherents—and charm (plus uncontrived atmosphere and a good story) is what Mr. Neill gives his readers. A Stuart conspiracy, a young lady with both Whig and Jacobite admirers, and a general mixture of motives combine to make this tale of early Georgian days a pleasant diversion.

"Captain Cut-Throat" (Harper, $3.50), by the tireless John Dickson Carr, finds Boney at Boulogne, poised for the invasion of Britain. Napoleon (referred to as "the boss") is being harassed by a homicidal saboteur—and the ruthless police minister M. Fouché empties his entire bag of tricks in an effort to catch the culprit. A dashing British agent, a beautiful French spy, and the foxy Fouché keep outwitting each other in a fair-to-middling historical thriller.

Another homicidal captain is Donald Barr Chidsey's **"Captain Bashful"** (Crown, $3.50), surely one of the most energetic churls ever to swash a buckler. A strong-arm man in the service of Gloriana, the bashful one (who seems to be an Elizabethan blend of D'Artagnan and Rocky Marciano), skewers One of the Best Swordsmen in France, defeats a task force of Dutch pirates, ignites a cache of heisted gunpowder, makes umpteen hairbreadth escapes, and otherwise taxes the reader's credulity.

"The Scotswoman" (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.95), by Inglis Fletcher, is a seriously overweight account of the career of one Flora Macdonald, a Jacobite lady who managed to come out both for and against the House of Hanover at the wrong junctures. Flora's activities in the Hebrides and in Revolutionary North Carolina are detailed in a soggy prose that makes even sudden death seem tedious. "A bullet had lodgment," says the author, as one of her heroes bites the dust. —MARTIN LEVIN.

THE WORLD'S VICTIM: Taking as his text the injunction that the meek shall inherit the short end of the stick in a world dominated by men who follow the not-so-golden rule of doing unto others that which others aren't tough enough to do unto you, E. K. Franklin in **"The Cleft in the Rock"** (Crowell, $3) has written a brutal, but not very persuasive, novel.

Its setting, appropriately, is a storm-scarred island of basaltic rock in the Aleutians, where Max Bregman, a sensitive, ineffectual Jew who seems to think of himself as the whole world's victim, has taken a job as first-aid man with a bridge-building construction crew. Instead of finding there the wound-healing solitude he seeks, he discovers himself subjected to the barbarous indignities of a riotous community of subhuman brutes whose highest intellectual conviction is that Jews are the most contemptible form of life. In a nearby village Max meets a young half-breed girl, ripe and succulent even though she is dying of tuberculosis, who arouses first his lust, then his compassion. The discovery that she is the voluntary concubine of the gang's ruthless foreman only activates Max's unadmitted desire for self-destruction, and he continues to court her with the dogged disregard for consequences of a man who has nothing more to lose.

Mr. Franklin is not the first writer to wash his hands of the human race, and misanthropy, as expressed by such men as the brilliant, explosive Céline, has become the informing attitude of some powerfully vivid literary efforts. But "The Cleft in the Rock," though its scenic descriptions are uniformly memorable and effective, is peopled with puppets, whose awkwardly articulated movements seldom transmit an illusion of reality to the brutality, suffering, and

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE NARROWING CIRCLE *Julian Symons* (Harper: $2.75)	British crime editor under suspicion as rival for mag. job is slain; Insp. Crambo doddles along.	Much sodium amytal taken; adulterous wife problem; pace so-so; some odd personnel.	Ingenious puzzler.
THE AINSLEY CASE *Bellamy Partridge* (Random: $3.50)	York State farmhand triangle (true case c. 1890) sprouts murder; handsome widow center of interest.	Principals and spear-carriers all good; local color admirable; wordy in spots.	Pleasant period piece.
POISON IN THE PEN *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.75)	Deathless Miss Silver, British op., knits way through triple killing; Insp. Abbot grateful.	Relatives even unto stepcousins add to puzzlement; this is author's No. 54.	Diagram job.
DEATH CRIES IN THE STREET *Samuel A. Krasney* (Rinehart: $2.75)	Unfaced corpse on NY sidewalk troubles Lt. Larson; sail down harbor aids solution.	Punch-drunk pug, hopheads, winos, woozy floozies all in large cast.	*Not* lavender and old lace.
WALK A WICKED MILE *Robert P. Hansen* (Mill-Morrow: $2.75)	So. Cal. boatman cuts across syndicate's bows, real nasty cop sticks nose in.	Kisses plentiful, also belly-blows, but action is spotty spite of all.	He's beaten this.
THE BIG STEAL *Earle Basinsky* (Dutton: $2.75)	Cop, suspected of hijacking kidnap-murder loot, fights back as rubber hose smacks.	Obvious echo of late Kansas City case has stock folks, incredible windup.	Primitive.
THE FRAZIER ACQUITTAL *Stephen Ransome* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Rural Penn. lawyer (and amateur astronomer) has ideas on murder case even after not-guilty verdict.	Local dick is wizard boy in this one, with characters popping in and popping out.	Uneven.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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despair with which the author woodenly animates them.

—JEROME STONE.

SLAVIC PADRE: **"Father Vikenty,"** whom Paul Chavchavadze tells about in a novel of that name (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75), is a burly Russian Orthodox priest, in New York. His church is in Harlem, but his parishioners are distributed widely, the greater number of them being White Russian emigrés from the early days of the Revolution (as he is himself). A presumed widower (his wife and child had not got out of Russia), he shares his humble lodgings and sometimes his bed with Dragoon, a boxer (canine).

The priest's love of wrestling, a supposed reputation for baptizing dogs, occasional battles with the flesh, and finally his spiritual boldness in offering a prayer for the soul of the dead Stalin, combine to keep him in hot water with various of his flock and sometimes with his archbishop.

Mr. Chavchavadze's humor, though warm in spirit, is so incorrigibly, relentlessly cute as to impair the book except for such readers as are addicted to that mode. Even in some concluding melodrama, Father Vikenty seems at times like a brawnier Barry Fitzgerald, in Russian dialect, in a Slavic variation on "Going My Way."

—EDMUND FULLER.

YANK IN JAPAN: Pfc. Pete Larson, moody hero of Thomas Williams's **"Ceremony of Love"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50), is serving with the Army of Occupation in Japan. He is only nineteen but mature for his age. During the course of the story he is exposed to a lot of seemingly formative experience: he meets whores and homosexuals, gets drunk, becomes the intended victim of a gang of killers, loses a good friend through death, has a deeply involved love affair with a beautiful and comradely Japanese-American girl several years his senior, and is surrounded by a completely foreign culture.

Mr. Williams has failed to make Japan the integral and necessary setting that it might have been. Though he gives evidence of a reportorially accurate power of surface observation, he only occasionally suggests the levels of cultural contrast which might have given added dimension.

Even so, "Ceremony of Love" is a better-than-average first novel. As a whole, it is seriously conceived; many of its episodes, though composed of familiar elements, are given a fresh presentation; and the writing often displays a fine sensitivity to the nuances of color in youth's emotional spectrum.

—J. S.

Russia

Continued from page 23

last thousand years, revealing both their underlying unity and diversities. Basic to Dr. Hamilton's attitude is his contention that "Russia is a European state," and he therefore tries to "explain Russian art in the terms used for the study of European art." His book suggests the outlines of an enormous subject, but covers specifically the architecture, painting, and sculpture of European Russia. The first part deals with the architecture and painting of the principalities of Kiev, Novgorod, and Vladimir-Suzdal; the second is devoted to icon painting; the third covers the art of Muscovy; the fourth discusses the new trends in architecture as initiated by Peter the Great and further developed by his successors, while the last treats of the more modern prerevolutionary art.

The panorama of Russian art west of the Urals is thus unfolded in its many and varied aspects—the author placing special emphasis on the stylistic analysis of the extant monuments, with proper concern for the influence of the geographical, racial, and historical factors.

Dr. Hamilton draws heavily upon the vast Russian literature of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and the more recent research by the Soviet specialists, thus generally maintaining a high degree of accuracy in the matter of historical facts. His work sets a high standard in its scholarly exposition of the main trends of development of Russian art, and provides many insights toward an understanding of Russian ideals in art.

Any book about such a vast subject, with so long and colorful a history, is bound to omit a good deal; but though some of these omissions (notably manuscript illuminations) are to be regretted, Dr. Hamilton's book will remain a valuable—if not all-sufficient—source of information helpful both to the historian and the interested layman.

The volume is edited and designed with the erudition and care associated with the Pelican series of art books; but the illustrations, though numerous, leave much to be desired, especially in the field of icon painting. This reviewer can and does sympathize with the author and editor, as he is only too painfully familiar with the difficulties experienced by them in procuring illustrative material suitable for reproduction. Times being what they are, it is indeed "singularly hard" to obtain first hand the photographs and color plates indispensable to a work of this nature.

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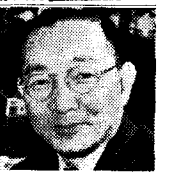

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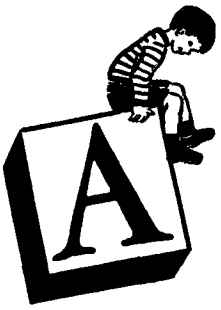
Books for Young People



—From "ABC and 1-2-3."

FIRST of the 1955 awards for children's books were announced by the *New York Herald Tribune* at its annual Children's Spring Book Festival on May 12. Winner in the picture book group was "Frog Went A-Courtin'," arranged by John Langstaff, illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky (Harcourt, Brace); in the middle group was "Crystal Mountain," by Belle Dorman Rugh, illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard (Houghton Mifflin); and in the group for older boys and girls, "The Buffalo Trace," by Virginia S. Eifert, illustrated by Manning De V. Lee (Dodd, Mead).

Reviewers for this issue are: Augusta Baker, Supervisor of Storytelling, Office of Children's Services, The New York Public Library; Mary Peacock Douglas, Supervisor School Libraries, Raleigh, N. C., City Schools; Margaret Mahon, Children's Librarian, Greenville, S. C., Public Library; Aileen O'Brien Murphy, Office of Children's Services, The New York Public Library; Mildred R. Phipps, Supervisor, Work with Children, Pasadena, Calif., Public Library; Lucile Williams Raley, Consultant in Library Service, Waco, Tex., Independent School District; Eulalie Steinmetz Ross, Television Specialist, Cincinnati Public Library.

—Frances Lander Spain, *Supervisor, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.*

A B C AND 1•2•3. *Written and illustrated by Mary Fidelis Todd. Whittlesey House.* $2. A delightful alphabet picture-book in black and red with an entirely new slant. Along with the letters are the numerals from one through twenty-six. Each letter stands for a vocation to help the youngster answer that perennial question "What are you going to be when you grow up?" The old familiar fireman and policeman are there, but so is

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Mary Fidelis Todd must have had a child as adviser when she wrote the rhymes and made the pictures, for they seem "just right." Miss Todd will be remembered for her illustrations and retelling of "The Juggler of Notre Dame." —Mary Peacock Douglas.

—From "One Mitten Lewis."

". . . a universal problem."

WORLD FULL OF HORSES. *By Dahlov Ipcar. Doubleday.* $2.50. All the things horses used to do—plow, pull fire engines, street cars, and stage coaches, drag cannon into battle—and the things they still do—help cowboys herd cattle, race at famous tracks, perform circus tricks—are described in brief text and stunning full-page illustrations in rich browns and reds. The massed design of the end-papers accentuates the color and creates a feeling of motion in this exciting picture book. —F. L. S.

ONE MITTEN LEWIS. *By Helen Kay. Illustrated by Kurt Werth. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* $2. Kurt Werth's full-color illustrations for this charming story of a universal problem make it a book good to look at as well as good to listen to. What could one do with a little boy who constantly lost his mittens? Not a pair, of course, only one. Lewis's mother contrived a way, much to Lewis's embarrassment. Sally's mother used the same plan. But Lewis and Sally together found a happy solution. Boys and girls from four to eight will enjoy hearing the story, especially in wintertime. —M. P. D.

THE TRAIL-DRIVING ROOSTER. *By Fred Gipson. Harper.* $2.25. This tall tale of the Texas cow country centers around 1,900 steers, Guy the trail boss, an assortment of cowhands, Sam the trail cook, and Dick the runty red rooster that became the mascot of the long drive from Oakville, Tex., to Dodge City. What the little rooster did to the tough cowhands, unsuspecting Indians, and a restaurant owner is told in hilarious incidents. The story is based on an oldtimer's tale and Mr. Gipson has "stretched the blanket" to make it a colorful bit of the West. Marc Simont's illustrations add to the fun of reading the book. —F. L. S.

SPACE CAT VISITS VENUS. *By Ruthven Todd. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Scribner's.* $2. "Space Cat" was an amusing and satisfactory answer to the demands by younger children for books about space travel; "Space Cat Visits Venus" will serve the same purpose and with the same satisfaction.

In his second adventure into space Flyball continues to be a cat first and an air traveler second, so that his reactions to strange interplanetary phenomena are always properly feline and consequently very funny. Even the mysterious creature-plants he meets on Venus, where Colonel Fred Stone goes with him in a rocket ship from the Moon, cannot shake the easy assurance of Flyball.

The story ends somewhat abruptly; perhaps the author is already planning further adventures for his spacecat? If so it is to be hoped that Paul Galdone will illustrate them, as he did "Space Cat," with amusing drawings of a lively kitten, and as he has done "Space Cat Visits Venus," with comical pictures of a handsome, self-possessed gray cat. —Eulalie Steinmetz Ross.

THE FUNNY GUY. *By Grace Allen Hogarth. Illustrated by Fritz Wegner. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.95. "The Funny Guy" is a clever, appealing story written especially for girls nine to twelve years of age. It will be read with interest by older girls.

Incidents in the story are woven around the experiences of Helen Hamilton, the funny guy. Loneliness, disappointments, grief over a critically ill mother, neglect by a busy, distracted

—From "The Trail-Driving Rooster."

". . . colorful bit of the West."

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—From "The Funny Guy."

". . . humor, pathos, and happiness."

father, severe treatment by the woman who took care of her—all were factors which influenced Helen's behavior. The harder she tried to prove she wasn't a funny guy the closer the nickname stuck.

Such girlish pranks as writing stories and poems for the *St. Nicholas Magazine,* selling Christmas cards, swimming in the mill pond, and running away to escape punishment will fascinate the reader. Humor, pathos, and happiness are necessary ingredients in the life of a girl who lived in 1912.

Black-and-white illustrations blend perfectly with the story text.

—Lucile Williams Raley.

THE WILD HORSE TRAP. *By Dale White. Illustrated by Richard Bennett. Viking.* $2.50. Boys and girls in the intermediate-age group will like this story of ranch life, rustling, horse-racing, and mystery in Montana in the 1800s.

Rob Norwood becomes bitter and suspicious when his father, who is accused of being an accomplice in a mail wagon robbery, disappears and he himself is ordered out of the country. He finds work on a ranch, and using that as a base for operations secretly sets himself the task of finding his father and solving the mystery of the robbery.

The responsibility of caring for the ranch owner's fine horses, and the friendship with his daughter, Lucy, help Rob to mature and to regain his faith in people. The steady flow of action keeps the reader interested throughout. —Margaret Mahon.

ON WINGS OF FIRE. *By Marguerite Vance. Illustrated by Nedda Walker. Dutton.* $2.75. Writing out of careful study but above all out of enthusiasm for her subject, Marguerite Vance has given girls a romantic biography of a beautiful, impulsive, generous, and gifted woman, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Rose had a fortunate childhood and youth spent among the literary great in the United States and in Italy. After a love marriage but an unhappy one she became a Catholic and founded a religious order, The Servants of Relief of Incurable Cancer.

The author succeeds admirably in showing how Hawthorne's idealism and his wife's piety were behind the unusual undertaking of their daughter.

The physical appearance of the book is appealing. A portrait in color of the elegant young Rose Hawthorne is shown on the jacket and frontispiece, and many sympathetic illustrations in black-and-white are included.

—Aileen O'Brien Murphy.

ARCTIC HUNTER. *By Bud Helmericks. Illustrated by Henry Bugbee Kane. Little, Brown.* $3. Boys and girls who read "Oolak's Brother" will remember Bob Hamilton and his sister, who spent one winter with an Eskimo family near the Arctic Circle. In this new book Bob returns to visit the Eskimos in time for the annual spring seal-hunting expedition. Through his good friend and adopted brother, Oolak, Bob learns how to live on the polar ice fields and masters many of the age-old skills of tracking and killing the seal and great polar bear. In so doing he gains a new insight into himself; there is less sense of triumph in the hunt than he had expected. Instead, he understands why the Eskimo hunters of old asked forgiveness of an animal's spirit after the kill.

Here is a book filled with fascinating details of a way of life so foreign to our own. While many of the adventures are highly improbable, boys of junior-high-school age will learn much about life in the Far North today. The author knows and understands the Eskimos from having lived among them. The many fine illustrations and carefully executed diagrams by Henry Bugbee Kane add immeasurably. —Mildred R. Phipps.

—From "The Land and People of South Africa."

Making snuff—"issues are faced squarely."

TRUMPETER'S TALE. *The Story of Young Louis Armstrong. By Jeanette Eaton. Illustrated by Elton C. Fax. Morrow.* $3. One cannot speak of American jazz without thinking of Louis Armstrong. Young people, most of whom are well versed in jazz lore, are old friends of Armstrong through radio, television, and phonograph records. His colorful life is a difficult one to interpret to young people and yet Miss Eaton has managed to bring the man through his seamy, poverty-stricken childhood to show his contribution to American music.

Louis Armstrong and jazz are both products of the pulsating life found in New Orleans and around the Mississippi at the turn of the century. Louis learned to play the cornet in the honky-tonks, street bands, and even at the Colored Waifs' Home. He went on to Chicago, New York, and world capitals to become famous as a trumpeter. There may be some criticism of Miss Eaton's interpretation of Armstrong's speech, but one must remember that he had practically no formal education. Here is a biography which shows the young person that if one has the inner strength he can rise above his environment. Elton Fax, long a fan of Armstrong and his music, has illustrated the book with twenty-six black-and-white illustrations.

—Augusta Baker.

THE LAND AND PEOPLE OF SOUTH AFRICA. *By Alan Paton. Lippincott.* $2.75. Those of us who have read "Cry, the Beloved Country" and "Too Late the Phalarope" know that Alan Paton is one of the small number of white voters in South Africa known as Liberals, who feel that racial discrimination is indefensible morally and intellectually. He is also a poet, so that even though the problems of South Africa are fully and honestly discussed the physical beauty of the continent is not overlooked—nor are the people and their contributions.

The style of writing is very direct, almost conversational, but it is not patronizing. Issues are faced squarely and explored in a mature fashion. The book will answer most reference questions because of its concise information and good photographs. In comparison with existing juvenile material about South Africa it far surpasses anything we have in content, interpretation, and literary quality. —A. B.

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LITTLE, BROWN

Business

Continued from page 18

heed's understanding of the "political" nature of the union and the pressures exerted on its leadership. Consequently, they have allowed unions to take full credit for employe gains and willingly negotiate matters that normally fall outside collective bargaining areas. Diplomatic union leadership has reciprocated by sensible adjustment of their demands in line with company problems and proper training of personnel who form the link between labor and management. Many prominent economists have taken part in this study and are to be complimented on their spadework in the field of industrial peace.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

GILDED HOKUM: The last place one would expect to find supercharged inspirational extravaganza is in the hardheaded world of business books. Yet, this trend is gaining momentum, and a perfect case in point is George S. Clason's **"The Richest Man in Babylon"** (Hawthorn Books, $2.95). Bound in colors of greenback-green and tinsel-gold, the book's appearance itself is designed to match the glittering wisdom contained within its covers. Not to be outdone by the book's appearance are the testimonials, gems in their own right. One executive, Percy H. Whiting of Dale Carnegie Institute, urges that "every man on this continent should be required to read 'The Richest Man in Babylon' on his knees before breakfast every day until he knows it by heart. . . ."

Having no inclination whatever to get down on my knees or to commit to memory the profundities enshrined in some 159 pages, I was nevertheless intrigued by Mr. Clason's offer to reveal the success secrets and keys to wealth possessed by the ancients, which supposedly can be applied also to our modern world. Mr. Clason makes it clear that the first prerequisite to the acquisition of wealth is firm belief in the motto, "A lean purse is easier to cure than to endure." How Arkad the richest Babylonian, Mathon the gold lender, and Dabasir the camel trader proceeded to fatten their purses are case histories which make the Horatio Alger stories look pale by comparison. At any rate, hard labor, persistent saving, investment through the advice of financial experts are the author's wealth-garnering principles.

There is nothing wrong with these ideas. Objectionable, however, is the loud drum-beating for the idea that acquisition of wealth is an end in itself and the spurious preachment that determination alone will lead to pots and pots of gold. The man of wealth is put on a pedestal, while the man of value is almost entirely ignored. —S. M.

TARIFF BUGABOOS: H. W. Prentis, Jr., board chairman of Armstrong Cork Company, not long ago commented that the "United States is the only free country with enough strength to set the climate for a healthy development of the economy of the whole Free World." Next to our foreign assistance programs, the tariff policies we adopt have worldwide economic significance; at the same time fewer subjects raise more domestic recriminations. The most recent, persuasive and deceptively oversimplified treatment of the question is Lewis E. Lloyd's **"Tariffs: The Case for Protection"** (Devin-Adair, $3.50). As immediate objectives, Mr. Lloyd calls for a halt in any further lowering of tariff rates and the giving up of the administration of tariff by the Executive department, especially the State Department. This would mean eliminating international round-table bargaining on tariffs, applying instead the "most-favored-nation clause," and assigning tariff rates on an equal labor-cost basis. Unless these objectives are met, Mr. Lloyd foresees the collapse of industrial research programs if domestic markets shrink because of foreign product competition, the impairment of our national defense requirements, and the movement of capital to low-wage areas abroad. But isn't our dynamic economy predicated on its ability to adjust to new conditions rather than fear for its life when competition threatens? —S. M.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Elmer Gantry" by Sinclair Lewis. 2. "Finnley Wren" by Philip Wylie. 3. "Clarissa Harlowe" by Samuel Richardson. 4. "Moll Flanders" by Daniel Defoe. 5. "Ethan Frome" by Edith Wharton. 6. "Judith Paris" by Hugh Walpole. 7. "Lorna Doone" by Richard Doddridge Blackmore. 8. "Jane Eyre" by Charlotte Brontë. 9. "Esther Waters" by George Moore. 10. "David Copperfield" by Charles Dickens. 11. "Zuleika Dobson" by Max Beerbohm. 12. "Anthony Adverse" by Hervey Allen. 13. "Peter Ibbetson" by George du Maurier. 14. "David Harum" by E. N. Westcott. 15. "Alice Adams" by Booth Tarkington. 16. "Henry Esmond" by William Makepeace Thackeray. 17. "Manon Lescaut" by Abbé Prévost. 18. "Guy Mannering" by Sir Walter Scott. 19. "Silas Marner" by George Eliot. 20. "Eugénie Grandet" by Honoré de Balzac.

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The Case for Hope

Continued from page 10

more thoroughly and honestly with one another, and one key to this aspiration is the advance in man's knowledge and control of the physical world.

In a recent article, Arnold Toynbee expressed the view that the first half of the twentieth century would be known in history not so much because of two great world wars as because it was during this period that mankind became aware of the possibility of a new freedom. He meant the freedom for all mankind from destitution and disease. He called attention to the fact that during this half century, in certain major portions of the world, in particular Western Europe and North America, the peoples confined within definitely limited areas have steadily improved in health and have attained continually increasing abundance of means of living. Men all over the world, as they have become aware of what is happening here, have caught a new vision. This vision is that for themselves also the specters of destitution and disease can be controlled.

I would add that of comparable significance is the aspiration that has arisen throughout the world toward freedom from ignorance. How has this increasing freedom come about? First of all it is because of the advance of medicine and engineering, making use of new knowledge obtained through science. It likewise involves improved techniques in the organization of our life by industry and government. But most of all it is concerned with holding before ourselves as a desirable goal that every person should have the health, the physical means, and the necessary education with which to take his part in the life of society. An unexpected lesson that has been learned during this period is that in the effort to secure such health and competence for everyone each individual who shares in this effort is finding for himself a better opportunity for health and the abundant life.

As a kind of footnote I should comment that there are those who doubt whether it is within the power of science to insure over a prolonged period the freedom from destitution and famine for mankind. The argument is the old one of Malthus, that in the race between increasing production and increasing population population must eventually win. Those of us who decline to accept this pessimistic view recognize the difficulty of the practical problem of meeting the needs of an ever-expanding population. We believe however that faith in human resourcefulness is justified. We note that it is not only in the technology of production and medicine that the present generation differs so greatly from the one before. A similar rapid change is likewise occurring in the thinking of masses of people. This change is brought about partly by experience with technology and partly by more widespread education. Here lies a new realm in which dramatic advance is being made.

The hope for the longer future lies in a growing understanding of the conditions for the good life of man in a world of science and technology, and in the acceptance of a morality that is consistent with these conditions. With the widespread thought now being given to such problems, by persons whose thinking is schooled to rely on reason and tested fact, it is evident that advance from this angle also will appear. You may, for example, consider this article as an effort to see in truer perspective the type of ideals that are appropriate to the age of science. Many are those who are now sharing in this exploration of human values.

The great question is whether such understanding of human goals and the corresponding development of morals can be achieved before the forces seen by Malthus, and emphasized so forcefully by recent writers, overwhelm the efforts of the pioneers in this new and critical field. The writing of this article is evidence of my own faith in man's ability to meet and solve this ethical problem which is so vital to the success of his effort to achieve physical and spiritual freedom.

LET me return to my central theme. We have noted how during the last half-century men have become aware of the possibility that every person may reasonably hope for such a degree of freedom from disease, destitution, and ignorance that he can take a responsible share in the great human enterprise. Man's new vision is that *every* person is important, and that we should turn our great new powers toward giving *every* person his proper chance. The growth of this new vision is itself one of the most significant changes in modern society.

We see here a broadening of the principle of democracy. Like the other changes ushered in by advancing technology, this one also, while in itself good, has its troublesome side-effects. Social patterns become dislocated as new responsibilities fall

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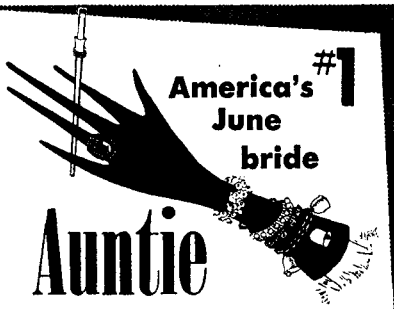

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onto unaccustomed shoulders. Mistakes are made, and new injustices and sources of weakness arise. Yet it seems that here is one of those progressive changes which we must accept as essential to the life of which we are a part. If we really want our society to be strong and to survive we must avoid obstruction to the changes that adjust the lives of people to the new conditions. We recognize that order and stability are needed for the cooperation that is so vital to a technological civilization. If changes are to occur with order and stability they must happen in a gradual manner. This is not possible when barriers are placed in the way of change. For these barriers will be broken down by disastrous strikes or revolutions when the social pressures become too great. We thus have the paradox that it is necessary to encourage social changes of a gradual sort if we are to retain the really important values of the life we know.

THIS brings us to the question as to what are the goals toward which man should aspire.

When one raises this question, he thinks at once of the old Greek ideals of the understanding of truth, the appreciation of beauty, the striving for perfection. These goals are as significant today as they were 2,500 years ago. What is new is that in our effort to attain the true, the beautiful, and the good we find that now to greater degree this can best be done when we endeavor to attain these same objectives for others as well as for ourselves.

No one by himself can discover the truths of science. The search for scientific truth becomes a worldwide enterprise in which a multitude of people throughout the world are engaged. The efforts of each strengthen and enrich those of the other. As Aristotle said, "No one can understand nature fully nor miss it wholly; but as each contributes his part there arises a structure that has a certain grandeur."

The same is true in our effort to achieve the beautiful in art and music, and in our endeavor to approach perfection whether in health or in our spiritual aspirations. In these cases, too, most of us find that the task is a cooperative one.

Is not this, then, the distinctive feature of man's aspiration that is characteristic of the age of science? His approach to the great values of life shall be a cooperative effort, an effort in which every man and every woman may do their share toward enabling all to live more fully, an effort in which every person will be respected for the way in which he plays his part. We see ourselves living increasingly in the lives of each other.

Not long ago I was discussing with one of India's great leaders what it is that gives meaning to life. He suggested that it is such things as truth and beauty and freedom. I asked him, what about service for one's fellows. Is not such service a source of meaning for life?

He paused a moment, then he replied. Yes. Service can be a great factor in giving meaning; but only in case it is given freely, for persons you love. Not if it is given for pay. But if it is given freely then the service becomes an aspect of freedom.

So he returned to his original triad of truth, beauty, and freedom.

He had here a point that is vital to our time. Where is the motive that will inspire us to cooperative effort, to work freely for each other?

The only answer that seems to me adequate is the ancient doctrine of the love of one's neighbor, one principle of Jesus's teaching, and prominent in every religion that is now of major influence. Here is in plain fact precisely what is needed to fit man to life in the world that science is shaping, that he shall love his neighbor with the kind of love that inspires one to help his neighbor live.

Having such love, a person will learn the techniques needed for service. He will endeavor to understand what is required to attain the good life. He will gladly cooperate in tasks toward the common good. It is the presence of persons with such a spirit that gives strength and health to a modern social order. For a person whose heart is in enabling others to live science and technology present a great opportunity. He finds in their use the joy of life.

Here is a task worthy of education's best. It requires, however, not only the formal education of the schools and colleges. It needs the participation of all the agencies that form attitudes and spread information. The churches, the press and radio and film, writers and artists, civic organizations, labor and management groups, all of these must share in the educational task if we are to rally the many elements in our society to a wholehearted effort toward achieving man's great goal.

If we accept such a goal as we have described what must our united educational program seek to accomplish? First, it must make men and women everywhere aware that we, the free people of the world, want a social order where everyone has a chance to do his proper part. Second, we must explain that rapid progress can be made toward such a social order if we will do certain things. Each group must then be encouraged to find what it can do most effectively toward achieving this goal. Each must have in mind how its contribution will fit with that of the others. Such an effort, in which all are sharing, will go far toward creating mutual understanding.

Can our schools be more effective in training for such cooperative effort? Can our labor and management groups find ways of meeting each other's needs to their mutual advantage? Can our religious organizations cooperate toward inspiring men and women to work toward the achievement of such freedom for everyone?

Already enough preliminary work along these lines has been done to show that when our educational agencies unite in such a task the results can be very effective. But the surface of what may be done by such an effort has hardly been scratched. The vision can thus be made to shine bright before us. We shall then have courage, if need be, to hold the sword with one hand while with the other we eagerly ply the trowel. And so we shall build the wall, for the men will have a mind to work.

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(Continued from page 49)

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. "Chief monument of Finnish literature."	26 179 148 13 113 96 70 141
B. Octaves.	185 171 190 127 93 22 38
C. In math., the Hamiltonian operator shaped like an inverted Greek delta.	46 174 48 124 160
D. The game every baseball pitcher likes to achieve (comp.).	54 128 56 176 116
E. In sociology, an organized group of kindred.	16 98 111 180 39 101
F. Most peevishly irritable.	18 137 80 133 3 36 183 7
G. One of the hardest positions for the tyro golfer to preserve (2 wds.).	99 119 112 149 143 5 51 62
H. President, Chinese National gov't, 1932-43.	24 64 142 82 31 115
I. Sallow.	158 95 71 188 34 41 86 120
J. Years which "Grandfather's Clock" stood on the floor.	163 14 186 123 63 161
K. The person who, Mark Twain said, wants to read a classic.	74 42 94 65 11 167
L. Body of detailed information concerning a person.	28 73 173 4 144 125 139
M. Greek scholar who prepared edition of Homer, third cent. B.C.	12 104 67 166 92 49 140

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. One of foremost popular musicians and pianists, 1909-51 (full name).	53 78 72 136 2 147 184 30 58 135
O. Cadence in music, resolution of dominant seventh chord to tonic.	20 83 50 191 61 6 109 89 178
P. Necromancer.	157 162 150 79 90 131 81 66
Q. Upper partial (in music, not dentistry).	152 60 57 43 29 106 177 23
R. Age of Bob Hope this year (comp.).	107 108 156 55 164 105 159 151
S. In, to, or from the U.S.	37 187 91 168 134 15 189 10 114
T. Suffered.	117 132 181 130 17 145 27 77 154
U. Swedish queen whose tutor was Descartes at the time of his death.	84 19 33 45 172 192 102 129 121
V. Living in fresh water, but going to the sea to spawn, as the eel.	35 69 122 138 165 97 155 170 8 153 118
W. Heighten.	100 59 52 76 175 85 75
X. A beekeeper.	87 44 182 32 126 25 68 21
Y. Practice in sight singing using the syllables of the scale.	88 146 9 40 1 47 103 110 169

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 Y	2 N	3 F	4 L	5 G	6 O	■	7 F	8 V	9 Y	10 S	■	11 K
12 M	13 A	14 J	15 S	16 E	17 T	■	18 F	19 U	20 O	21 X	■	22 B	23 Q	■	24 H	25 X	26 A
27 T	28 L	■	29 Q	30 N	31 H	■	32 X	33 U	34 I	35 V	36 F	37 S	38 B	■	39 E	40 Y	■
41 I	42 K	43 Q	44 X	45 U	46 C	47 Y	■	48 C	49 M	50 O	■	51 G	52 W	53 N	54 D	■	55 R
56 D	57 Q	■	58 N	59 W	60 Q	61 O	62 G	63 J	64 H	65 K	66 P	■	67 M	68 X	■	69 V	70 A
71 I	■	72 N	73 L	74 K	75 W	■	76 W	77 T	78 N	■	79 P	80 F	■	81 P	■	82 H	83 O
84 U	85 W	86 I	87 X	88 Y	■	89 O	■	90 P	91 S	92 M	93 B	■	94 K	95 I	96 A	97 V	■
98 E	99 G	100 W	■	101 E	102 U	103 Y	104 M	105 R	■	106 Q	107 R	■	108 R	109 O	■	110 Y	■
111 E	112 G	113 A	114 S	115 H	116 D	■	117 T	118 V	119 G	120 I	■	121 U	■	122 V	123 J	124 C	125 L
126 X	127 B	128 D	129 U	130 T	■	131 P	132 T	■	133 F	134 S	135 N	■	136 N	137 F	138 V	139 L	140 M
■	141 A	142 H	143 G	■	144 L	■	145 T	146 Y	147 N	148 A	149 G	■	150 P	151 R	■	152 Q	153 V
154 T	■	155 V	156 R	■	157 P	158 I	■	159 R	160 C	161 J	■	162 P	163 J	164 R	■	165 V	166 M
167 K	■	168 S	169 Y	■	170 V	171 B	172 U	173 L	■	174 C	175 W	■	176 D	177 Q	178 O	179 A	180 E
181 T	182 X	183 F	184 N	185 B	186 J	187 S	■	188 I	189 S	190 B	191 O	192 U	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 48 of this issue.

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